

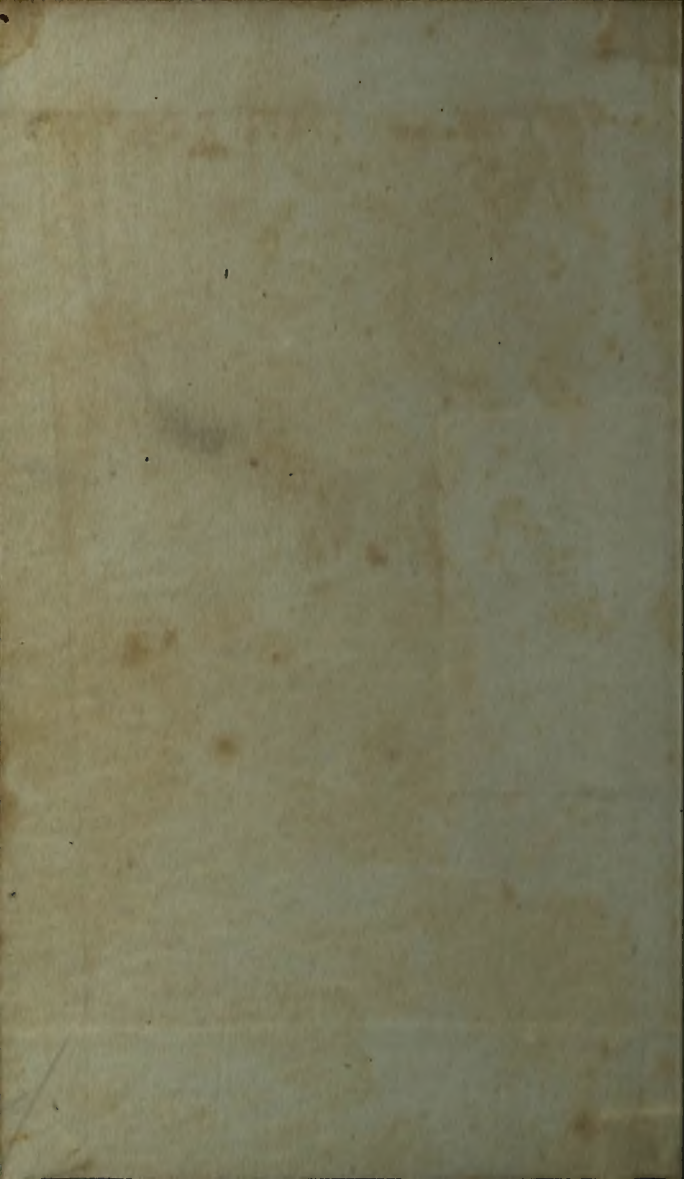
CLASS BOOK
OF
PROSE AND POETRY:
CONSISTING OF SELECTIONS
FROM THE BEST
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS;
DESIGNED AS
EXERCISES IN PARSING;
FOR THE USE OF
COMMON SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES.

BY
TRUMAN RICKARD, A. M.
AND
HIRAM ORCUTT, A. M.
PRINCIPAL OF TREFFORD (VT.) ACADEMY.

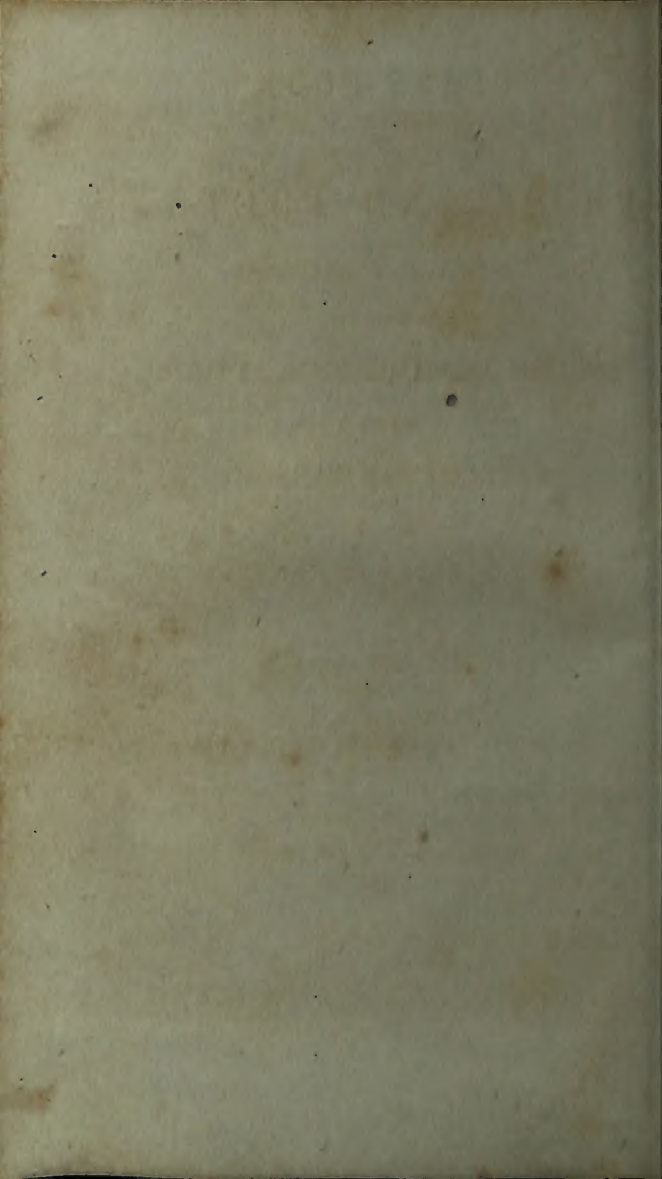
Revised and Enlarged Edition.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY ROBERT S. DAVIS & CO.

1869.



Elisa Mayo
Augusta High School
June 6th 1882



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*This work is used in New York State Normal School, Albany,
Massachusetts State Normal Schools, and in the principal
Academies and Select Schools in New England.*

RECOMMENDATIONS.

*From Wm. H. Wells, Esq., Author of 'A Grammar of the English Language,'
Phillips Academy, Andover, May 14, 1847.*

I have examined the 'CLASS BOOK OF PROSE AND POETRY,' compiled by Messrs. RICKARD and ORCUTT, and take pleasure in expressing my unqualified approval of the plan and execution of the work. The first edition of the 'Selections' was introduced as a class book in this institution about a year since, and the experiment has fully confirmed the favorable opinion which I then formed respecting its merits. The present edition is greatly improved, and cannot fail to meet with general favor.

W. H. WELLS,
Instructor English Department.

I have had occasion to examine very carefully the new 'CLASS BOOK OF PROSE AND POETRY,' compiled by Messrs. RICKARD and ORCUTT, designed as a text book for parsing in common schools and academies. The selections are made from the best English and American authors, and contain some of the finest specimens of prose and poetry in our language. They furnish a great variety of exercises, very happily arranged to accomplish the object for which they are designed. The whole work reflects great credit on the taste, skill, and judgment of the compilers, and deserves a wide circulation.

ROGER S. HOWARD,
Principal Putnam Free School, Newburyport.

Extract of a letter from B. Greenleaf, Esq., Principal of Bradford Teachers' Seminary, and Author of the 'Popular Series of Arithmetics.'

The extracts are made with good taste and judgment, from the most approved authors, which, in connection with the Tables for Parsing, make it very valuable as a text book. I think such a work has long been needed in our academies and high schools. I have introduced it into my seminary, believing the work superior to any other for parsing, that I have examined.

BENJAMIN GREENLEAF.

I have examined with much attention and interest the 'Selections,' designed as a text book for etymological and analytical parsing. I am highly gratified with the design, and with the execution of the work. It has been introduced into this academy, and I have no doubt will prove a most acceptable manual to teachers generally.

C. S. RICHARDS,
Principal Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N. H.

From the Author of 'Gradual Lessons in Grammar,' 'Intellectual Algebra,' &c.

I have examined with interest a little volume of Selections, to be used as a text book in schools, for exercises in the analysis of language. The extracts are from standard writers, and offer a variety of examples to illustrate all the principles of grammar. The taste and judgment of the gentlemen who have compiled the work are sufficient evidence that it is well adapted to the purposes for which it is designed.

D. B. TOWER.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851,

BY ROBERT S. DAVIS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

THE publication of the "Poetical Selections" was regarded as an experiment. The Compilers believed that such a book was needed, and that it would be cordially welcomed by teachers generally. The marked favor with which it has been received, and the rapid sale of a large edition, show that they were not mistaken. Thus far, their expectations have been more than realized.

In preparing a second edition, the Compilers have aimed to supply the acknowledged deficiencies in the first. They have consulted many of the best teachers in New England, who have used the book, and have availed themselves of their criticisms and suggestions. Only two prominent faults have been pointed out, viz., that the selections were too difficult, as a whole, for general use; and that there was need of exercises in prose. A few pieces of poetry have been, accordingly, rejected, and their place supplied by others more simple and better adapted to the design of the book, and some twenty pages of choice prose have been inserted.

The selections have been made from the best English and American authors, and will be found alike characterized by purity of style and sentiment.

It is confidently believed that the exercises will now be found well adapted to all classes of grammarians in our common schools and academies; and that they afford a sufficient variety of construction, to illustrate all the principles and peculiarities of the English language.

Notes have not been appended, for the obvious reason that whatever tends to prevent self-application cannot fail to do injury.

The Compilers take this opportunity to express their grateful acknowledgments to all who have manifested an interest in the book, and to those teachers, especially, who have favored them with important suggestions. They again submit this little volume to teachers and scholars, indulging the hope that in its present form it will be still more acceptable, and present new attractions for the study of our language.

MAY, 1847.

PREFACE TO THE ENLARGED EDITION.

THE very extensive sale of this little volume, and its general acceptance with teachers, have induced the Compilers to make still further efforts for its improvement. The body of the book remains unchanged, while there will be found an addition of twenty-four pages of important matter. It was designed that the Tables should be used in the analysis of sentences. But very few teachers, however, have used them at all, obviously for the reason that they were not understood. It has been the leading object, therefore, in preparing this enlarged edition, to arrange the principles of Syntax and Analysis in a systematic form, and to illustrate them fully by examples, so that both teachers and scholars may use the book understandingly.

Particular attention has been given to the explanation and classification of particles. The Compilers believe that this will be found a valuable feature in the new book, as this class of words is very sparingly treated in all our English Grammars. Very important assistance has been rendered by Professor Alpheus Crosby, whose ripe scholarship and profound knowledge of the principles of general Grammar, render his suggestions of great value. The Compilers again submit their book to teachers, believing that it will prove of invaluable aid in the study of Grammar, if used in accordance with the design.

OCTOBER, 1851.

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TABLE I.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CLASSIFICATION OF WORDS.

NOTE.—In the table the word *things* is employed in its philosophical sense, including all the independent objects of thought, whether persons, material things, or mere abstractions.

THE SIGNIFICANT ELEMENTS OF LANGUAGE.

Grand Divisions.	The Signs of	Classes.	Orders.	Subdivisions.
A. <i>Essential Elements.</i>	Things,	I. SUBSTANTIVES,	Nouns,	{ Proper. Common. Abstract.
	.	.	Substantive Pronouns,	{ Personal. Connective. Reflexive, &c.
	Actions,	II. VERBS,	Infinitives. Transitive, Intransitive,	{ Finite Verbs. Infinitives. Participles, &c.
B. <i>Descriptive Elements.</i>	Properties of things,	III. ADJECTIVES,	Articles. Numerals,	{ Cardinal. Ordinal, &c.
	.	.	Adjective Pronouns,	{ Possessive. Demonstrative. Connective. Interrogative. Indefinite, &c.
	Properties of actions, &c.	IV. ADVERBS,	Participles. Adjectives,	{ Of quality. Of circumstance.
C. <i>Connective Elements.</i>	Relations of things,	V. PREPOSITIONS.	Of manner, Of degree, Of place, Of time, &c.	{ Demonstrative. Connective. Interrogative. Indefinite, &c.
	Relations of sentences,	VI. CONJUNCTIONS.		
D. <i>Instinctive Elements.</i>	Emotions,	VII. INTERJECTIONS.		

* Without its *essential* elements, language could not exist at all: without its *descriptive* elements, it would be vague and meagre; without its *connective* elements, it would be disjointed; and without its *instinctive* elements, it would want sensibility and passion.

TABLE II.

GENERAL TABLE OF INFLECTION.

<i>Classes.</i>	<i>are</i>	<i>to distinguish their</i>	<i>as</i>
I. SUBSTAN- TIVES }	DECLINED,	Gender,	{ 1. Masculine. 2. Feminine. 3. Neuter.
		Number,	{ 1. Singular. 2. Plural.
		Case,	{ 1. Nominative. 2. Possessive. 3. Objective.
III. ADJECTIVES IV. ADVERBS }	COMPARED,	Degree,	{ 1. Positive. 2. Comparative. 3. Superlative.
		Voice,	{ 1. Active. 2. Passive.
		Tense,	{ 1. Present. 2. Imperfect. 3. Perfect. 4. Pluperfect. 5. Future. 6. Future Perfect.
II. VERBS }	CONJUGATED,	Mode,	{ 1. Indicative. 2. Potential. 3. Subjunctive. 4. Imperative. 5. Infinitive. 6. Participial.
		Person,	{ 1. First. 2. Second. 3. Third.
		Number,	{ 1. Singular. 2. Plural.

TABLE III.

FORMS OF ANALYSIS AND PARSING.

1. OF WORDS.

NOUN.	{	Kind.	VERB	{	Kind.
		Inflection.			Inflection.
		Gender.			Voice.
		Person.			Mood.
		Number.			Tense.
		Case.			Person.
		Syntax.			Number.
		.			Syntax.

ADJECTIVE	{	Kind.	PRONOUN.	{	Kind.	PARTICIPLE.	{	Derivation.
		Inflection.			Inflection.			Voice.
		Subject.			Gender.			Tense.
		Syntax.			Person.			Subject.
					Number.			Syntax.
					Case.			
		Subject.			Subject.			
		Syntax.			Syntax.			

ADVERB.	{	Kind.	PREPOSITION.	{	Relation.	CONJUNCTION.	{	Relation.
		Inflection.			Connection.			Connection.
		Modification.						
		Syntax.						

INTERJECTION.

2. OF SENTENCES.

It is

{	Simple,	{	Distinct,	{ Intellec-	{ Declarative,	{ Actual,	{ Pos-
				tive,	Interrogative,	Contingent,	Neg-
{	Com- pound,	{		{ Volative,	{ Positive.		
					Negative.		
				Incorporated in the sentence — as a	{ Substantive. Adjective.		

lative; } connected by — to —, as a { Coördinate Sentence.
 ative; } following — by simple succession. { Subordinate clause, performing

the office of a { Substantive.
Adjective.
Adverb.

1.	{ Compellative.	2.	{ Modifiers	Adjectives.
Primary,	{ Subject.	Secondary,	{ of the	Adverbs.
	{ Predicate.		{ Primary,	Appositives.
				Adjuncts.
				Dependent clauses.
		3.	{ Interjections.	
		Independent,	{ Case independent.	

Independent parts are inserted in the sentence, but do not belong to its regular structure.

The Logical { Compellative }
Subject } is —, containing the { Simple }
Predicate } Compound } Gram-

matical { Compellative } —, modified by the { Adjective
 { Subject } { Adverb }
 { Predicate } { Appositive }
 { } { Adjunct }
 { } { Dependent clause }

Show how these are modified, and analyze Subordinate or Incorporated clauses, until the Sentence is exhausted.

SYNTAX.

SYNTAX treats either of the offices and relations of words, as arranged in the construction of sentences, or of the offices and relations of these sentences themselves. It may, therefore, be properly divided into Syntax of Words, and Syntax of Sentences.

I. SYNTAX OF WORDS.

The Syntax of Words includes the *offices* or *uses* of words in the formation of sentences. Of these the following are the most important.

SUBJECT. That of which something is affirmed or denied; as, "*Truth is mighty.*"

PREDICATE. That which is affirmed or denied of the subject; as, "*Truth is mighty.*" The Predicate consists of two parts, — the verb or copula, and that which is asserted of the subject, called the attribute. In the sentence "*Truth is mighty,*" the verb *is* is the copula, and the attribute is the adjective *mighty*. The two words, *is mighty*, taken together, express what is declared or predicated of *truth*.

COPULA. Some form of the neuter verb *to be*; as, "*I am free.*" "*He will be careful.*"

COMPELLATIVE. The person or thing addressed; as, — "*Haughty Gentile, even now ye walk on ruin and on prodigy.*" "*Arise, winds of Autumn, arise.*"

APPORITIVE. A substantive in apposition with some other; as, "*We, the consuls, are remiss.*" "*Obidah, the son of Aben-sina.*" "*Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storms.*"

ADJUNCT. A limiting or modifying substantive, not in apposition; as, "*The applause of the multitude delights him.*" "*Go, greet the King of Morven.*" "*Borne on Devotion's wing.*" In these examples, the words *multitude*, *him*, *king*, *Morven*, *Devotion's* and *wing*, are adjuncts. Adjuncts are of two kinds, **EXPONENTIAL** and **NUDE**. They are also **COMPLEMENTARY** or **CIRCUMSTANTIAL**, according to the office they fill in the sentence.

EXPONENTIAL ADJUNCT. An adjunct connected with the modified word or sentence by an *exponent*; as, "*Let us drive them from the land.*" "*Night is the time for rest.*" "*The mountains bend o'er thee.*" "*He sailed between the islands.*" In these examples, the adjuncts *land*, *rest*, *thee*, and *islands*, are connected with the modified words by the *exponents* *from*, *for*, *o'er* and *between*.

NUDE ADJUNCT. An adjunct not connected with the modified word by an exponent; as, "*The Romans conquered Britain.*"

"*Hannibal's* army was victorious." "The rich man beholds *his* possessions with complacency." In these examples the adjuncts *Britain*, *Hannibal's* and *his*, are not connected with the words they modify by exponents, and hence are called *nude*.

COMPLEMENTARY ADJUNCT. A substantive completing the idea of the modified word; as, "I have read the *Iliad*." "I've warned *them*." "I speak to *thee*." In ~~these~~ examples, *Iliad* completes the idea of the verb *read*, *them*, of the verb *warned*, and *thee*, of the verb *speak*.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL ADJUNCT. A substantive denoting some circumstance of time, place, means, &c.; as, "The class will recite in the *lecture room* in the *morning*." "Rome was saved by *Cicero* from the plots of Catiline." "I came to see the *ruins*." In these examples, the adjuncts *room*, *morning* and *Cicero* express the *place*, *time* and *means*, of the acts stated, and to see the *ruins*, the *cause* or *motive* of coming.

EXPONENTS. Words which are the signs of the offices and relations of the words or sentences before which they are placed. They may be classified as follows:

I. Exponents of the offices and relations of **WORDS**.

II. Exponents of the offices and relations of **SENTENCES**.

I. Exponents of the offices and relations of **WORDS**.

1. Those which mark *address*; as, "Joy meet thee, O warrior." "O king, live forever." Here the exponent *O* is joined with the compellatives *warrior* and *king*, to call particular attention.

2. Those which mark the *relations of adjuncts*, i.e., **PREPOSITIONS**; as, "He came *from* London." "I once passed *through* the place." "Praise Him *with* cymbals." In these examples the exponents *from*, *through* and *with* express the relations existing between the modified words and the adjuncts *London*, *place* and *cymbals*.

3. **CONJUNCTIONS**, used to connect the compound members of sentences; as, "He came and returned." "He writes elegantly and rapidly." "Nine and five are fourteen." In these examples *and* expresses the relation of *addition*.

4. Those which denote *special application*; as, "He is distinguished *as* a statesman." "He presided over the meeting *as* president."

II. Exponents of the offices and relations of **SENTENCES**.

(1.) **CONNECTIVE**, denoting the connection of sentences.

1. Those simply denoting the *relation of sentences*, i.e., **CONJUNCTIONS**; as, "I will find him *if* I can." Here *if* denotes the relation of condition. "I will send one or the other." Here *or* expresses an *alternative*. "He will not succeed, *because* he is fickle." Here *because* expresses the relation of *cause* or *reason*.

2. Those that not only denote the *relations* of the sentences, but also enter into their *structure*, as **CONNECTIVE PRONOUNS** or **ADVERBS**; as, "I called upon the professor, *whom* I found reading Plato." Here the relative pronoun

whom is equivalent to *and him*: "I called upon the professor, and I found *him* reading Plato." "We came to London, *where* we spent several months." Here *where* is equivalent to the conjunction *and*, and the adverb of place *there*: "We came to London, and *there* we spent several months." "When I visited Rome I saw the Pope." In this sentence *when* is equivalent to *and then*: "I visited Rome, and *then* I saw the Pope."

(2.) CHARACTERISTIC, distinguishing the character of sentences, without denoting connection.

1. CHARACTERISTIC PARTICLES; as, "I will *not* go." Here *not* denotes the *negative* character of the sentence. "Who will execute this important order?" Here *who* shows the sentence to be *interrogative*.

2. CHARACTERISTIC PRONOUNS AND ADVERBS; as, "I can see *no* one." Here *no* is equivalent to *not* and *any*: "I cannot see *any* one." "I can find it *nowhere*." Here *nowhere* is equivalent to the negative *not*, the adjective pronoun *any*, and the adverb of place *where*: "I cannot find it *anywhere*."

A characteristic exponent is termed

1. *Confirmative*, when used for confirmation; as, *amen*, *verily*: "Verily I say unto you."

2. *Interrogative*, when it is used to ask a question; as, "Who said it?" "Where is he?"

3. *Negative*, when it is used for denial; as, *not*, *no*, *nowhere*. "I will *not* do it."

4. *Prohibitive*, when it is used for prohibition; as, "Thou shalt *not* kill."

5. *Emphatic*, or *intensive*, when it is used for emphasis; as, "I will do it *myself*."

6. *Contingent*, when it implies contingency; as, "Though all men forsake thee, yet will not I."

7. *Additive*, when it implies addition; as, "You may take this *also*." "He came *likewise*."

8. *Explicative*, when it denotes explanation; as, *namely*. "I send you a bill of goods, *namely*, three pieces broadcloth, thirty yards satin, &c."

II. SYNTAX OF SENTENCES.

A sentence is an assemblage of words, expressing a thought. Sentences are divided, primarily, into two kinds, SIMPLE and COMPOUND.

A SIMPLE SENTENCE consists of but one proposition; as, "Self-denial is the most exalted pleasure." "James and John have gone to England."

A COMPOUND SENTENCE consists of two or more distinct propositions; as, "The sacrifices of virtue will not only be rewarded hereafter, but they will be recompensed even in this life." "We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever."

Sentences, whether simple or compound, are either DISTINCT or INCORPORATED, INTELLECTIVE or VOLATIVE, DECLARATIVE or INTERROGATIVE, ACTUAL or CONTINGENT, POSITIVE or NEGATIVE, according to their use.

A sentence is DISTINCT, when the predicate has a distinct form as a *finite* verb; as, "Virtue *embalms* the memory of the good."

A sentence is INCORPORATED, when its predicate becomes a part of another sentence as a participle or infinitive; as, "The Romans rushed forward, driving their enemies before them." This sentence might be expressed thus, "The Romans rushed forward; they drove their enemies before them." Expressed in this form, the latter clause is distinct. "He perceived the ranks of the foe to be broken and disordered." If expressed thus, "He perceived that the ranks of the foe were broken and disordered," the latter clause would be distinct.

A sentence is INTELLECTIVE, when it expresses an act of the understanding; as, "The whirlwind is heard on the heath." "I hear thee speak of that better land."

A VOLATIVE SENTENCE expresses an act of the will; as, "Charge, Chester, charge." "Come on the light-winged gale." "Go where glory waits thee."

A DECLARATIVE SENTENCE is used to declare or make known something; as, "We must fight." "This declaration will stand."

A sentence is INTERROGATIVE, when a question is proposed; as, "Who sent thee hither?" "Star of descending night, what dost thou behold in the plain?"

An ACTUAL SENTENCE expresses what really is or is not; as, "The stormy winds are laid." "It is not the part of wisdom to rush blindly into the midst of danger." An actual sentence may be declarative or interrogative; positive or negative.

A CONTINGENT SENTENCE expresses what is hypothetical; as, "It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood." "You and I may rue it." A contingent sentence, like an actual sentence, may be declarative or interrogative, positive or negative.

A POSITIVE SENTENCE expresses what was, what is, or what will be; as, "I was studying." "I am studying." "I shall be studying."

A NEGATIVE SENTENCE expresses what was not, what is not, or what will not be; as, "I did not go." "I am not going." "I shall not go." "Henceforth to rule was not enough for Bonaparte."

PARTS OF A SENTENCE.

A sentence consists of two parts, the SUBJECT and the PREDICATE.

1. *The Subject.*

The subject of a sentence is either grammatical or logical.

The GRAMMATICAL SUBJECT is the substantive of which something is affirmed or denied, unmodified; as, "The *love* of life is found in every breast." "Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravansary."

The LOGICAL SUBJECT includes the grammatical, and all its modifiers; as, "*The love of life is found in every breast.*" "*Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravansary.*" "*The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability.*"

The subject is said to be SIMPLE when it consists of but one substantive, modified or unmodified; as, "*Beauty is an all-pervading presence.*" "*The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging.*"

A COMPOUND SUBJECT consists of two or more simple subjects; as, "*Mounds of earth and monuments of marble shall pass away.*"

2. The Predicate.

The predicate, like the subject, is either grammatical or logical. It may, likewise, be simple or compound.

The GRAMMATICAL PREDICATE in a sentence is the finite verb; as, "*I had wandered one evening in a vast forest.*" "*Studies serve for delight.*"

The LOGICAL PREDICATE consists of the grammatical, and all its modifiers; as, "*I had wandered one evening in a vast forest.*" "*Studies serve for delight.*" "*He writes elegantly and beautifully.*"

A SIMPLE PREDICATE consists of one finite verb, modified or unmodified; as, "*The murmur of the leaves steals upon his ear.*" "*Beauty gleams out in the hues of the moaning shell.*"

A COMPOUND PREDICATE consists of two or more simple predicates; as, "*Impressions made upon the deathless spirit become a part of itself, and abide forever.*" "*Obidah left the caravansary and pursued his journey.*"

CONNECTION OF SENTENCES.

Sentences are connected with each other in four ways:

1. By incorporation.
2. By subordination.
3. By coördination.
4. By simple succession.

1. In connection by INCORPORATION, one of the sentences loses its distinctness; as, "*The class, having recited, retired from the hall.*" Here *having recited* is incorporated.

2. In connection by SUBORDINATION, one of the sentences is introduced as a *part* or *circumstance*, and modifies the leading clause; as, "*The class, when it had recited, retired from the hall.*" Here the subordinate clause performs the office of an adverb of time in the predicate of the leading clause.

3. In connection by COÖRDINATION, the sentences are united by a connective, but neither sustains a secondary relation to the other; as, "*Justice is the foundation of an everlasting fame, and there can be nothing commendable without it.*"

4. In connection by SIMPLE SUCCESSION, one sentence follows the other without a connective; as, "*Autumn is dark on the mountains; gray mist rests on the hills; the whirlwind is heard on the heath; dark rolls the river through the narrow plain.*"

EXPONENTIAL ADJUNCTS.

Exponential adjuncts are either complementary or circumstantial. The *relation* which they sustain to the words or sentences modified by them, is expressed by the exponents *connecting* them with the words they modify. The connection existing between exponents and the adjuncts depending upon them, is so inseparable, that the relations of prepositions will be considered under the head of exponents and adjuncts taken together. Complementary adjuncts are the indirect objects of verbs, and the complements of substantives, adjectives, and adverbs. Circumstantial adjuncts are used to express the relations of Time, Place, Cause or Source, Manner, &c. The following table exhibits a classification of exponential adjuncts, and shows the kind of relation expressed by the exponents.

I. COMPLEMENTARY ADJUNCTS.

1. Complements of Action; as, "Such a course is productive of evil."
2. Complements of Relation; as, "The son of Philip conquered the world."
3. Complements of Designation; as, "He showed himself a man of integrity."
4. Complements of Resemblance, &c.; as, "The waves roared like thunder."

II. CIRCUMSTANTIAL ADJUNCTS.

(I.) TIME.

1. Time when; as, "He came on Monday."
2. Time how long; as, "He remained through the day."

Frequency, or number of times, is usually expressed without a preposition; as, "I have seen him *three times* during the past week." "The road has been repaired *many times*."

(II.) PLACE.

- | | |
|---------------|--|
| I. Direction. | { 1. Place whence; as, "He came from London." |
| | { 2. Place whither; as, "He has gone to Athens." |
| II. Locality. | 3. Place where; as, "He resides in Boston." |

(III.) CAUSE OR SOURCE.

1. Agent; as, "The book was written by Southey."
2. Motive; as, "He went from curiosity."
3. Object, or end in view; as, "He toils for wealth."
4. Price; as, "He bought the book for a dollar."
5. Indication; as, "He appears an officer by his dress."
6. Material; as, "The instrument is made of silver."
7. Source, origin, &c.; as, "His illness arose from imprudence."

(IV.) MODE.

1. Manner; as, "He acted with prudence."
2. Means; as, "He took the city by stratagem."
3. Instrument; as, "He digs with a spade."
4. State or condition; as, "He lay in great pain."
5. Degree of magnitude; as, "He drank to excess."
6. Accompaniment; as, "He rode with his brother."
7. Assurance, &c.; as, "He went without doubting."

The measure or excess of magnitude is commonly expressed without a preposition; as, "The river is *fifty rods* wide." "James is *four years* older than Charles."

CLASSIFICATION OF CONJUNCTIONS.

Conjunctions may be divided into classes, according to the relations which they denote. A conjunction may be termed,

1. *Copulative*, when it simply couples or denotes addition ; as, "John and James came." "Six and ten are sixteen."

2. *Adversative*, when it denotes opposition, transition, or exception ; as, "I might assist him, *but* shall not." "All *but* three of the company departed." "*But* I must pass to the last topic of this discourse."

3. *Alternative*, when it offers or denies a choice ; as, "You may go or stay." "I will not favor the bill, *nor* shall any one do so whom I can influence."

4. *Comparative*, when it denotes comparison ; as, "Macaulay is more interesting *than* most writers of English history." "James is more studious *than* Charles."

5. *Causal*, when it denotes a cause or reason ; as, "I went to Boston *because* business called me there." "I went to the White Mountains, *for* my health was suffering from confinement."

6. *Illative*, when it denotes an inference ; as, "A is equal to B, and B is equal to C, *therefore* A is equal to C."

7. *Final*, when it denotes a purpose ; as, "I called *that* I might consult you." "Take heed *lest* any man deceive you."

8. *Conditional*, when it denotes condition ; as, "He will come *if* I send for him." "I shall go *unless* circumstances detain me."

9. *Concessive*, when it denotes a concession ; as, "Through what strange infatuation do you expect to escape *though* all others fall ?"

10. *Complementary*, when it introduces a sentence that is used substantively ; as, *that*, in the sentence, "Do not imagine *that* anything you can do will satisfy his wounded pride."

11. *Temporal*, when it marks the relation of time ; as, "He left *before* I came."

ILLUSTRATION OF TABLES I. II. AND III.

"Alas! man often mistakes his best interests, and departs from the path of duty."

Alas is an instinctive element, the sign of emotion. It is an interjection, admitting of no grammatical construction.

Man is an essential element, the sign of a thing, belonging to the class substantives, noun, common. It is a common noun, Nom. *man*, Poss. *man's*, Obj. *man*, masculine gender, third person, singular number, nominative case, and the subject of the verb *mistakes*. [Rule.]

Often is a descriptive element, the sign of the property of an action, adverb of time, indefinite, Pos. *often*, Com. *oftener*, Sup. *oftenest*, modifying the verb *mistakes*. [Rule.]

Mistakes is an essential element, the sign of action, a verb, transitive, finite. It is an irregular, transitive verb, *mistake*, *mistook*, *mistaken*, active voice, indicative mood, present tense,

third person, singular number, and agrees with the subject of the sentence — *man*. [Rule.]

His is an essential element, the sign of a thing, substantive, substantive pronoun, personal. It is a substantive pronoun, Nom. *he*, Poss. *his*, Obj. *him*, masculine gender, third person, singular number, possessive case, and limits the noun *interests*. [Rule.]

Best is a descriptive element, the sign of the property of things, adjective of quality, Pos. *good*, Comp. *better*, Sup. *best*, of the superlative degree, and, modifies the word *interests*. [Rule.]

Interests is an essential element, the sign of things, substantive, noun, common. It is a common noun, Nom. *interests*, Poss. *interests'*, Obj. *interests*, neuter gender, third person, plural number, objective case, and the direct object of the verb *mistakes*. [Rule.]

And is a connective element, the sign of the relation of sentences, conjunction. It is a copulative conjunction, expressing the relation of addition, and connecting the two members of the sentence. [Rule.]

Departs is an essential element, the sign of action, a verb, intransitive, finite. It is a regular intransitive verb, *depart*, *departed*, *departed*, active voice, indicative mood, present tense, third person, singular number, connected by the conjunction *and* to the verb *mistakes*, and agrees with the subject of the sentence — *man*. [Rule.]

From is a connective element, the sign of the relation of things, preposition, expressing the relation of *place whence*, and connects the adjunct *path* with the word it modifies — *departs*. [Rule.]

The is a descriptive element, the sign of the property of things, adjective, article. It is a definite article, modifying the word *path*. [Rule.]

Path is an essential element, the sign of a thing, belonging to the class substantives, noun, common. It is a common noun, Nom. *path*, Poss. *path's*, Obj. *path*, neuter gender, third person, singular number, objective case, and governed by the preposition *from*. [Rule.]

Of is a connective element, the sign of the relation of things preposition, expressing the relation of *designation*, and connects the adjunct *duty* with the word *path*, which it modifies. [Rule.]

Duty is an essential element, the sign of a thing, belonging to the class substantives, noun, common. It is a common noun, Nom. *duty*, Poss. *duty's*, Obj. *duty*, neuter gender, third person, singular number, objective case, and governed by the preposition *of*. [Rule.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF TABLE IV.

“The breaking waves dashed high.”

This is a simple, distinct, intellective, declarative, actual, positive sentence. It is simple, because it consists of but one proposition; it is distinct, because the predicate has a distinct form

as a finite verb, *dashed*; it is intellective, because it expresses an act of the understanding; it is declarative, because it asserts something; it is actual, because it makes known a fact; it is positive, because it declares what has had an actual existence. The logical subject is "The breaking waves," containing the simple grammatical subject *waves*, modified by the definite article *the*, and the adjective *breaking*. The logical predicate is "dashed high," containing the simple grammatical predicate *dashed*, modified by the adverb *high*.

"Will he not come again?"

This is a simple, distinct, intellective, interrogative, actual, negative sentence. The logical and grammatical subject is the pronoun *he*. The logical predicate is, "will not come again," containing the simple grammatical predicate *will come*, modified by the adverbs *not* and *again*.

"Sound the loud timbrel."

This is a simple, distinct, volative, positive sentence. The logical and grammatical subject is the pronoun *ye*, understood. The logical predicate is, "sound the loud timbrel," containing the simple grammatical predicate *sound*, modified by the adjunct *timbrel*, which is itself modified by the definite article *the*, and the adjective of quality *loud*.

"We may die ignominiously."

This is a simple, distinct, intellective, declarative, contingent, positive sentence. The subject is the pronoun *we*. The logical predicate is, "may die ignominiously," containing the simple grammatical predicate *may die*, modified by the adverb of manner *ignominiously*.

"The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability."

This is a simple, distinct, intellective, declarative, actual, positive sentence. The logical subject is, "the spirit of true religion," containing the simple grammatical subject *spirit*, modified by the definite article *the*, and by the exponential adjunct *religion*, (of which the exponent is the preposition *of*,) which is itself modified by the adjective of quality *true*. The logical predicate is, "breathes gentleness and affability," containing the simple grammatical predicate *breathes*, which is modified by the nude adjuncts *gentleness* and *affability*, which are connected together by the conjunction *and*, and constitute the direct object of the verb.

"Accuracy and correctness of expression must be sought in polished times."

This is a simple, distinct, intellective, declarative, actual,

positive sentence. The logical subject is, "accuracy and correctness of expression," containing the compound grammatical subject *accuracy* and *correctness*, modified by the exponential adjunct (*of*) *expression*.* The logical predicate is, "must be sought in polished times," containing the simple grammatical predicate *must be sought*, modified by the exponential adjunct (*in*) *times*, which is itself modified by the adjective *polished*.

"Beauty is an all-pervading presence."

This is a simple, distinct, intellective, declarative, actual, positive sentence. The logical and grammatical subject is *beauty*. The logical predicate is, "is an all-pervading presence," containing the simple grammatical predicate (or copula) *is*, and the attribute *presence*, modified by the adjective *all-pervading*.

"The air is cool."

This is a simple, distinct, intellective, declarative, actual, positive sentence. The logical subject is *the air*, containing the simple grammatical subject *air*, modified by the definite article *the*. The logical predicate is, "is cool," containing the simple grammatical predicate (or copula) *is*, and the attribute *cool*.

"He aimed to persuade men that they could be moved by gentler excitements."

This paragraph contains the leading clause, "He aimed . . . men," † and the subordinate clause "that . . . excitements." Denote the leading clause by A, and the subordinate clause by 1.

A. This is a simple, distinct, intellective, declarative, actual, positive sentence. The logical and grammatical subject is the pronoun *he*. The logical predicate is, "aimed . . . men," containing the simple grammatical predicate *aimed*, modified by the infinitive *to persuade*, which is itself modified by the nude adjunct *men*, and by the dependent clause "that . . . excitements."

1. The clause "that . . . excitements," is a simple, distinct, intellective, declarative, actual, positive sentence, connected by the conjunction *that* to A, as a subordinate clause, performing the office of a substantive. The logical and grammatical subject is the pronoun *they*. The logical predicate

* The exponent is here prefixed to the adjunct in parenthesis, instead of saying "the exponential adjunct *expression*, of which the exponent is the preposition *of*." This mode of expression is adopted in all the succeeding examples.

† The dots between the words *aimed* and *men* stand in the place of the intervening words of the sentence, to save room in printing. So, also, in all other instances where similar marks are used.

is, "could be moved excitements," containing the simple grammatical predicate *could be moved*, modified by the exponential adjunct (*by*) *excitements*, which is itself modified by the adjective *gentler*.

"Awake, men of Athens, from your supineness; and do not imagine, for a moment, that this ambitious prince and warrior, who delights in the severest toil, if it may but advance his schemes of conquest, will ever rest, until he has attained the great object of his wishes, the subjugation of Attica, — that, having conquered the rest of Greece, he will then stop in his victorious career, and offer us terms of honorable friendship. Alas! through what strange infatuation do you expect to escape, though all others fall?"

The above paragraph contains two periods, of which the former has two coördinate members, — "Awake, supineness," and "and friendship," so that there are three independent sentences. Let these be denoted by the capitals A, B, and C. Let the clauses immediately dependent upon these be denoted by the numerals 1, 2, 3, &c.; and clauses dependent upon these clauses, by the small letters a, b, c, &c.

A. The first member of the first period, "Awake supineness," is a simple, distinct, volative, positive sentence, introducing the paragraph. The logical compellative is, "men of Athens," containing the simple grammatical compellative *men*, modified by the exponential adjunct (*of*) *Athens*. The compellative, though not repeated, remains the same through the whole paragraph. The logical and grammatical subject is the personal pronoun *ye*, which is understood. The logical predicate is, "awake from your supineness," containing the simple grammatical predicate *awake*, modified by the exponential adjunct (*from*) *supineness*, which is itself modified by the nude adjunct *your*.

B. The second member of the first period, "and friendship," is a compound, distinct, volative, negative sentence, connected by the conjunction *and* to the first member, as a coördinate sentence. The subject is the personal pronoun *ye*, understood. The logical predicate is, "do friendship," containing the grammatical predicate *do imagine*, modified by the negative adverb *not*, by the exponential adjunct (*for*) *moment*, which expresses a circumstance of time, and is itself modified by the indefinite article *a*, and by the dependent clauses, "that Attica," and "that having friendship."

1. The clause, "that Attica," is a compound, distinct, intellective, declarative, actual, positive sentence, connected by the conjunction *that* to B, as a subordinate clause, performing the office of a substantive, and constituting a direct object of *do imagine*. The logical subject is, "this conquest," containing the compound grammatical subject *prince and warrior* (of which the parts are united by the conjunction *and*), modified by the adjective pronoun *this*, by the adjective

of quality *ambitious*, and by the dependent clause, "who . . . conquest." The logical predicate is, "will . . . Attica," containing the grammatical predicate *will rest*, modified by the adverb of time *ever*, and by the dependent clause, "until . . . Attica."

a. The clause, "who . . . conquest," is a compound, distinct, intellective, declarative, actual, positive sentence, connected by the relative pronoun *who* to 1, as a subordinate clause, performing the office of an adjective, modifying *prince* and *warrior*. The subject is *who*. The logical predicate is, "delights . . . conquest," containing the grammatical predicate *delights*, modified by the exponential adjunct (*in*) *toil*, which is itself modified by the definite article *the*, and the adjective of quality *severest*, and by the dependent clause, "if . . . conquest."

a. The clause, "if . . . conquest," is a simple, distinct, intellective, declarative, contingent, positive sentence, connected by the conjunction *if* to a, as a subordinate clause, performing the office of an adverb. It expresses a condition of the verb *delights*. The subject is the personal pronoun *it*. The logical predicate is, "may . . . conquest," containing the grammatical predicate *may advance*, modified by the adverb *but*, and by the direct object *schemes*, which is itself modified by the nude adjunct *his*, and the exponential adjunct (*of*) *conquest*.

b. The clause, "until . . . Attica," is a simple, distinct, intellective, declarative, actual, positive sentence, connected by the conjunction *until* to 1, as a subordinate clause, performing the office of an adverb of time, modifying *will rest*. The subject is the personal pronoun *he*. The logical predicate is, "has . . . Attica," containing the grammatical predicate *has attained*, modified by the nude adjunct *object*, which is the direct object of the verb. This adjunct is itself modified by the definite article *the*; by the adjective of quality *great*; by the exponential adjunct (*of*) *wishes*, which is itself modified by the possessive *his*; and by the appositive *subjugation*, which is itself modified by the definite article *the*, and the exponential adjunct (*of*) *Attica*.

2. The clause, "that having . . . friendship," is a simple, distinct, intellective, declarative, actual, positive sentence, connected by the conjunction *that* to B, as a subordinate substantive clause, constituting a direct object of *do imagine*. The logical subject is, "having . . . he," containing the grammatical subject *he*, modified by the participle *having conquered*, which is itself modified by the direct object *rest*, and this, again, by the exponential adjunct (*of*) *Greece*. The logical predicate is, "will . . . friendship," containing the compound grammatical predicate *will stop* and *offer*, modified by the adverb of time *then*. The parts of this compound predicate, which are united by the conjunction *and*, are, also, separately modified. *Stop* is modified by the exponential

adjunct (*in*) *career*, which is itself modified by the possessive *his*, and the adjective of quality *victorious*. *Offer* is modified by the indirect object *us*, and by the direct object *terms*, which is itself modified by the exponential adjunct (*of*) *friendship*, and this, again, by the adjective of quality *honorable*. "Having . . . Greece," is a simple clause, which might be thus expressed as a distinct sentence: "when he had conquered the rest of Greece," but which is here incorporated in 2 as an adjective belonging to the subject *he*, though expressing its force chiefly upon the predicate.

C. The second period, "Alas . . . fall," is a compound, distinct, intellective, interrogative, actual, positive sentence, following B by simple succession. *Alas* is an interjection, and hence an independent part of the sentence. The subject is the personal pronoun *you*. The logical predicate is the remaining part of the sentence, containing the grammatical predicate *do expect*, modified by the exponential adjunct (*through*) *infatuation*, which is itself modified by the interrogative adjective pronoun *what*, and the adjective of quality *strange*, and by the infinitive *to escape*, which is itself modified by the dependent clause "though . . . fall." *To escape* (which might be thus expressed, as a distinct sentence, "that you shall escape") is here incorporated as a substantive, forming the direct object of *do expect*.

3. The clause, "though . . . fall," is a simple, distinct, intellective, declarative, contingent, positive sentence, connected by the conjunction *though* to C, as a subordinate adverbial clause, modifying *to escape*, and expressing concession. The logical subject is, *all others*, containing the grammatical subject *others*, modified by the adjective pronoun *all*. The predicate is the intransitive verb *fall*.

EXAMPLES IN COMMON PARSING.

"Conversation enriches the understanding."

Conversation is a noun, because it is the sign of a thing; common because it is a general name; — Nom. *conversation*, Poss. *conversation's*, Obj. *conversation*; — neuter gender, because it denotes an object that is neither male nor female; third person, because it is spoken of; singular number, because it denotes but one object; nominative case, because it is the subject of the finite verb *enriches*. [RULE. — The subject of a finite verb is put in the nominative case.]

Enriches is a verb, it is the sign of action; it is regular, because it forms its imperfect tense by the addition of *ed* to the present *-enrich-ed*; it is transitive, because it takes an object — *understanding*; Present *enrich*, Past *enriched*, Past Participle

enriched; active voice, because it expresses an action performed by the subject; indicative mood, because it declares; present tense, because it denotes present time; third person and singular number, to agree with its subject, *conversation*. [RULE. — The verb must agree with its subject in number and person.]

The is a limiting adjective, belonging to the class Articles. It admits of no comparison, and limits the noun *understanding*. [RULE. — The adjective belongs to the noun or pronoun which it limits.]

Understanding is a noun, because it is the sign of a thing; common, because it is a general name; — Nom. *understanding*, Poss. *understanding's*, Obj. *understanding*; — neuter gender, because it denotes an object neither male nor female; third person, because it is spoken of; singular number, because it denotes but one object; objective case, because it is the object of the active verb *enriches*. [RULE. — The object of action or relation, must be in the objective case.]

“A beautiful cottage stands beside the river.”

A is a limiting adjective, and limits the noun *cottage*. [RULE.]

Beautiful is an adjective of quality, because it expresses a property of the noun *cottage*, — Pos. *beautiful*, Comp. *more beautiful*, Sup. *most beautiful*, — positive degree, because it simply denotes a quality, without any particular comparison, and modifies the noun *cottage*. [RULE.]

Cottage is a common noun, — Nom. *cottage*, Poss. *cottage's*, Obj. *cottage*, — neuter gender, third person, singular number, nominative case, and is the subject of the verb *stands*. [RULE.]

Stands is a verb, because it is the sign of action or being; it is irregular, because it does not form its imperfect tense by the addition of *ed* to the present; intransitive or neuter, because it does not admit of an object; Pres. *stand*, Past *stood*, Past Participle *stood*; — indicative mood, present tense, third person, singular number, and agrees with its subject, *cottage*. [RULE.]

Besides is a preposition, because it is the sign of the relation of things; it connects the adjunct *river* to the verb *stands*, and marks the relation of place *where*. [RULE.]

The is an adjective, and limits the noun *river*. [RULE.]

River is a common noun, — Nom. *river*, Poss. *river's*, Obj. *river*, — neuter gender, third person, singular number, objective case, because it is the object of relation, and governed by the preposition *beside*. [RULE. — The object of action or relation must be in the objective case.]

“Crafty men condemn studies, but simple men admire them.”

Crafty is an adjective of quality, — Pos. *crafty*, Comp. *more crafty*, Sup. *most crafty*, — positive degree, and modifies the noun *men*. [RULE.]

Men is a common noun, — Nom. *men*, Poss. *men's*, Obj. *men*,

--masculine gender, because it denotes males; third person; plural number, because it expresses more than one; nominative case, and is the subject of the verb *contemn*. [RULE.]

Contemn is a regular transitive verb, — Pres. *contemn*, Past *contemned*, Past Participle *contemned*; — active voice, indicative mood, present tense, third person, plural number, and agrees with its subject, *men*. [RULE.]

Studies is a common noun, — Nom. *studies*, Poss. *studies'*, Obj. *studies*, — neuter gender, third person, plural number, objective case, and is the object of the transitive verb *contemn*. [RULE.]

But is a conjunction, because it is the sign of the relation of sentences; it connects the two members of the sentence “crafty men . . . them,” and marks the relation of *transition*. [RULE.]

Simple is an adjective of quality, — Pos. *simple*, Comp. *more simple*, Sup. *most simple*, — positive degree, and modifies the noun *men*. [RULE.]

Men is a common noun, — Nom. *men*, Poss. *men's*, Obj. *men*, — masculine gender, third person, plural number, and is the subject of the verb *admire*. [RULE.]

Admire is a regular transitive verb, — Pres. *admire*, Past *admired*, Past Participle *admired*, — active voice, indicative mood, present tense, third person, plural number, and agrees with its subject, *men*. [RULE.]

Them is a pronoun, because it stands in place of the noun *studies*; personal, because it expresses person and number of itself; — Nom. *they*, Poss. *theirs*, Obj. *them*; — neuter gender, third person, plural number, because the noun for which it stands is neuter gender, third person, and plural number; objective case, and is the object of the transitive verb *admire*. [RULE.]

“In the realm of man's dominion,
Terror is the ruling word.”

Man's is a common noun, — Nom. *man*, Poss. *man's*, Obj. *man*, — masculine gender, because it denotes males; third person, singular number, possessive case, and a modifier of *dominion*, which it limits. [RULE. — A noun or pronoun used to limit another noun by denoting *possession* must be in the possessive case.]

“Night is the time to muse.”

To muse is a regular intransitive verb, — Pres. *muse*, Past *mused*, Past Participle *mused*, — infinitive mood, present tense, and depends upon the noun *time*. [RULE. — The infinitive depends upon the word which it limits.]

“It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song.”

Son is a common noun, — Nom. *son*, Poss. *son's*, Obj. *son*, —

masculine gender, third person, singular number, objective case, and in apposition with the noun *Alpin*, which it identifies. [RULE. — A noun or pronoun used to *identify* or explain another noun or pronoun is put, by apposition, in the same case.]

“Washington was president.”

President is a common noun, — Nom. *president*, Poss. *president's*, Obj. *president*, — masculine gender, third person, singular number, nominative case, and forms with the copula *was* the predicate of the sentence. [RULE. — A noun or pronoun used with the copula to form the *predicate* must be in the nominative.]

“The evening was delightful.”

Delightful is an adjective of quality, because it expresses a property of the noun *evening*, and forms with the copula *was* the predicate of the sentence; — Pos. *delightful*, Comp. *more delightful*, Sup. *most delightful*; — positive degree, and modifies *evening*, the subject of the sentence. [RULE. — An adjective used with the copula to form the *predicate* belongs to the subject.]

“Alas! I have been shamefully treated by a professed friend.”

Alas is an interjection, and is independent of grammatical construction. [RULE. — The independent case and the interjection have no grammatical relation to the other parts of the sentence.]

Have been treated is from the regular transitive verb *treat*, — pres. *treat*, past *treated*, past participle *treated*, — passive voice, because it denotes an action performed upon the subject; indicative mood, perfect tense, first person, singular number, and agrees with its subject, *I*. [RULE.]

Shamefully is an adverb of manner, because it expresses the quality of an action; — Pos. *shamefully*, Comp. *more shamefully*, Sup. *most shamefully*; it is a modifier of the verb *have been deserted*. [RULE. — Adverbs are used to modify words, sentences, and phrases; particularly verbs, adjectives, and other adverbs.]

By is a preposition; it connects the adjunct *friend* to the verb *have been treated*, and marks the relation of agency. [RULE.]

EXERCISES FOR ANALYSIS AND PARSING.

THE Greeks took Troy by stratagem.

Virtue and vice are opposed to each other.

No one can be happy without virtue.

The king returned in the gleam of his arms.

The murmur of thy streams, O, Lora ! brings back the memory of the past. The sound of thy woods, Garmallar, is lovely in mine ear.

Who comes from the land of strangers, with his thousands around him ? The sunbeam pours its bright stream before him ; his hair meets the wind of his hills.

Greatness may build a tomb, but goodness alone deserves an epitaph.

Thought and language act and react upon each other.

A contented temper opens a clear sky, and brightens every object around it.

The soul of man is rational and immortal.

Wisdom and virtue are loved only by the good.

Children, obey your parents.

The whole universe is your library.

Hidden dangers are always the most difficult to avoid.

Suddenly the sound of the signal gun broke the stillness of the night.

Improvement and pleasure are the products of industry.

Virtue embalms the memory of the good.

Integrity is the best defence against the ills of life.

There is nothing but poison in the heart of the flatterer.

I envy none that know more than myself, but pity them that know less.

Every man is known by his principles.

Sound not the vain trumpet of self-commendation.

Avarice and ambition enter into the composition of all crime.

No revenge is more noble than that which torments envy by doing good.

Give me a retired life, a peaceful conscience, honest thoughts, and virtuous actions, and I can pity Cæsar.

The obligation of love and respect for parents never ends.

Speak with your friends as if all men heard you.

The waves come with joy around thee.

The spirit of true heroism is generous.

History tells us of illustrious villains.

The envious are always malicious, and can never be trusted without danger.

Soft music came to mine ear. It was like the rising breeze, that whirls, at first, the thistles' beard, then flies, dark, shadowy, o'er the grass.

Silence is sometimes more significant and sublime than the most noble and most expressive eloquence.

We should always prepare for the worst, and hope for the best.

When our virtuous friends die, they are not lost forever; they are only gone before us to a happier world.

Wisdom and virtue ennoble us. Vice and folly degrade us.

True cheerfulness makes a man happy in himself, and promotes the happiness of all around him.

Blame not before thou hast examined the matter. Understand first, and then rebuke.

Death can never occur prematurely to a good man. Whenever it takes place, it is the close of his sufferings, the beginning of his happiness.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.

We must speak well, and do well.

Precipitation ruins the best contrived plan; patience ripens the most difficult.

Contemporaries appreciate the man, rather than the merit; but posterity will regard the merit, rather than the man.

Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory.

The moon was bright, but the eve was clouded and dark.

Overcome injuries by forgiveness; disasters, by fortitude; evil examples, by firmness of principle.

I intend to be at the meeting of the Institute, unless unforeseen circumstances prevent.

He who lives always amid the bustle of the world, lives in a perpetual warfare.

Profaneness is a sure mark of an irreligious mind.

Industry is not only the means of improvement, but also the foundation of pleasure.

The advantages of this world, even when innocently gained, are uncertain blessings.

True charity consists not in speculative ideas of general benevolence, floating in the head, but leaving the heart untouched and cold.

Real virtue and merit are often exposed to suffer the hardships of a stormy life.

A devotional spirit consists in making a religious use of everything we see, or feel, or know.

Diligent and persevering effort will do almost anything.

The habit of listening well to the conversation of others is a valuable means of improvement.

I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?

If thou wouldst know what thou art, ascertain what thou canst do.

He will be immortal who liveth till he is stoned by one without faults.

The good instructor teaches in his life, and proves his words by his actions.

A good conscience seats the mind on a throne of lasting quiet.

He who commands himself, commands the world too.

Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again: wisely improve the present; it is thine: go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

The wise man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous, the rest of the world, him who is most wealthy.

Mature well your plans, and you will seldom fail of their accomplishment.

He is the greatest man who does the greatest service to man kind.

If you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you.

Straws swim on the surface, but pearls lie at the bottom.

Washington needs no monument to perpetuate his noble fame.

Honors, monuments, and all the works of vanity and ambition, are demolished and destroyed by time; but the reputation of wisdom is venerable to posterity.

He that receives a benefit without being thankful, robs the giver of his just reward.

It is the character of an unworthy nature, to write injuries in marble and benefits in dust.

There is no true happiness but in a clear and open conscience.

He only is worthy of esteem who knows what is just and honest, and dares to do it.

Superiority of virtue is the most unpardonable provocation that can be given to a base mind.

Where there is no conflict, there is no conquest; and where there is no conquest, there is no crown.

Poverty falls heavily upon him only who esteems it a misfortune.

Religion is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak.

The tear of sensibility is the most honorable characteristic of humanity.

If the world says you are wise and good, ask yourself if it be true.

A man should not always be yielding, like the reed, nor unbending, like the cedar.

The station does not honor the man, but the man should, by honesty of conduct, honor the station.

The earth is beauteous; from it spring myriads of fair blossoms, but none so sweet, so cherishing, as parental care.

Greatness flies from him who too eagerly runs after it, but follows him who seeks to avoid it.

The friend that you buy with presents, will be bought from you.

The storm increased with the night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful, sullen sound of rushing waves and broken surges. Deep called unto deep.

Men of business should cultivate letters, that they may find in them grateful employment for old age.

Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we appear to be.

Prayer must be animated. The arrow that would pierce the clouds must part from the bent bow and the strained arm.

It would be delightful to live in perfect trust, to doubt no one, and to believe all.

Providence never intended that any state here should be either completely happy or completely miserable.

The poor are confined to a somewhat narrow circle, yet within that circle lie most of those natural satisfactions which are found to be the most genuine and true.

The ruin of a state is generally preceded by a universal degeneracy of manners, and a contempt for religion.

True charity is not a meteor, which occasionally glares; but a luminary, which, in its orderly and regular course, dispenses a benignant and salutary influence.

Mounds of earth and monuments of marble shall pass away; but impressions made upon the deathless spirit, like scars upon the oak, become a part of itself, and abide forever.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware.

Emulation, when founded in virtue, and limited to her bounds, will perform deeds that will be praised in heaven.

The day of life, spent in honest and benevolent labor, comes in hope to an evening calm and lovely; and though the sun declines, the shadows that he leaves behind are only to curtain the spirit into rest.

All truly great and noble minds are always humble in their feelings, and modest in their deportment. Sir Isaac Newton, one of the greatest philosophers, on being complimented for his attainments, said, I have indeed picked up a few pebbles upon the shore, but the great ocean of knowledge is still before me.

Sorrow is the noblest of all discipline. It is a scourge, but there is healing in its stripes. It is a chalice, and the drink is bitter, but strength proceeds from the bitterness. It is a crown of thorns, but it becomes a wreath of light on the brow which it has lacerated.

The style of Canning is like the convex mirror, which scatters every ray of light that falls upon it, and shines and sparkles in whatever position it is viewed; that of Brougham is like the

concave speculum, scattering no indiscriminate radiance, but having its light concentrated into one intense and tremendous focus.

He lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest, without a pitying eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle.

We cannot rekindle the morning beams of childhood ; we cannot recall the noontide glory of youth ; we cannot bring back the perfect day of maturity ; we cannot fix the evening rays of age in the shadowy horizon ; but we can cherish that goodness which is the sweetness of childhood, the joy of youth, the strength of maturity, the honor of old age, and the bliss of saints.

O lay me, ye that see the light, near some rock of my hills. Let the thick hazels be around ; let the rustling oak be near. Green be the place of my rest ; let the sound of the distant torrent be heard. Daughter of Toscar, take the harp and raise the lovely song of Selma, that sleep may overtake my soul in the midst of joy, that the dreams of my youth may return, and the days of the mighty Fingal.

Glorious New England ! thou art still true to thy ancient fame, and worthy of thy ancestral honors. We, thy children, have assembled in this far distant land to celebrate thy birthday. A thousand fond associations throng upon us, roused by the spirit of the hour. On thy pleasant valleys rest, like sweet dews of morning, the gentle recollections of our early life ; around thy hills and mountains cling, like gathering mists, the mighty memories of the Revolution ; and far away in the horizon of thy past gleam, like thy own bright northern lights, the awful virtues of our pilgrim sires.

The streets were almost impassable, from the countless multitudes ; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair ; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered.

It is not the real past that, with the scholar's aid, is restored and revived. That never comes back again. The landscapes of time, as they recede from us, are softened and mellowed by the

distance. The historic eye creates the colors which seem spread over the pictures of dead times. And hence the universal, incorrigible, strange illusion of a golden age in the infancy of the race; of a retrocession from perfection, always the more apparent, the further it is from being real.

The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is, in some degree, a slave. It is a slave to its animosity, or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interests.

How vain are eloquence and poetry, compared with heaven-descended truth! Put in one scale that simple utterance, and in the other the lore of antiquity, with its accumulating glosses and commentaries, and the last will be light and trivial in the balance. Greek poetry has been likened to the song of the nightingale as she sits in the rich, symmetrical crown of the palm-tree, trilling her thick-warbled notes; but even this is less sweet and tender than the music of the human heart.

Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of spring. It waves in the branches of the trees, and in the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. The universe is its temple; and those who are alive to it, cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed by it on every side.

Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is heard! The feeble will not behold them in the hall, or smile at their trembling hands. Their memory shall be honored in song; the young tear of the virgin will fall. But the aged wither away by degrees; the fame of their youth, while yet they live, is all forgot. They fall in secret. The sigh of their son is not heard. Joy is around their tomb; the stone of their fame is placed without a tear.

Life is rich for the affections. This is wealth that increases with its use. It is a strength that mounts higher and higher, which at every advance of elevation takes a wider sweep, and widens as it widens. The love of the child reaches to the parent; it spreads to brothers, sisters, and companions. But while the parent's love to the child is such as child can never return, it is a love that does not exhaust itself in the child; it spreads from

family to friends, from friends to mankind, and from the household hearth to the infinite and eternal heights of heaven.

The first ages of society are not the times of arbitrary power. As the wants of mankind are few, they retain their independence. It is an advanced state of civilization that moulds the mind to that submission to government, of which ambitious magistrates take advantage, and raise themselves into absolute power.

To superior goodness all should bow with the deepest veneration. To be good is better than to be *great*. All reverence the goodness of Washington more than the mighty power of Napoleon. True goodness is often found in the most humble stations. It is quite as likely to exist among the poor as among the rich. But wherever found, it should draw forth the purest homage of our hearts.

The path which leads to the mount of ascension does not lie among flowers ; and he who travels it must climb the cold hill-side, he must have his feet cut by the pointed rocks, he must faint in the dark valley, he must not seldom have his rest at midnight on the desert sand. It is no small thing for which a true liver strives. It is for the perfection, for the sanctification, of humanity in himself and in the world. It is not by ease that this is done, but by efforts grand and blessed.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers ! Whence are thy beams, oh sun ! thy everlasting light ? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty : the stars hide themselves in the sky ; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave . but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course ? The oaks of the mountains fall ; the mountains themselves decay with years ; the ocean shrinks and grows again ; the moon herself is lost in heaven : but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when the thunder rolls and the lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain ; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair flow on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season ; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in the clouds, careless of the voice of the morning.

CLASS BOOK
OF
PROSE AND POETRY.

PART I.—PROSE.

EXERCISE I.

Journey of a Day; a Picture of Human Life.—JOHNSON.

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansary early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew from groves of spices. He sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart. 5

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, 15

and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. 20
He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling,
but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which
appeared to have the same direction with the main road,
and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had
found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain 25
the rewards of diligence, without suffering its fatigues.
He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without
the least remission of his ardor, except that he was some-
times tempted to stop by the music of the birds, which
the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes 30
amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered
the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the
branches. At last, the green path began to decline from
its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets,
cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. 35
Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider
whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and
common track; but, remembering that the heat was now
in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and
uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he 40
supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance
with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in
the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his
pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining 45
ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to
lay hold on every new object, and give way to every
sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened
to every echo; he mounted every hill for a fresh pros-
pect; he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased 50
himself with tracing the course of a gentle river, that
rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with
innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the
hours passed away uncounted; his deviations had per-

plexed his memory, and he knew not towards what 55
point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid
to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that
the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus
tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with
clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden 60
tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused
by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his
folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is
consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that
prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised 65
the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle.
While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and
a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his
power,—to tread back the ground which he had passed, 70
and try to find some issue where the wood might open
into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground,
and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He
rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on
with resolution. The beasts of the desert were in mo- 75
tion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls
of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration. All the
horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the
winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled
from the hills. 80

Worked into sudden rage by wintry showers,
Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours !
The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the
wild, without knowing whither he was going,—whether 85
he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to
destruction. At length, not fear, but labor, began to
overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees
trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in

resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the 90
brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced to-
wards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the
cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and
obtained admission. The old man set before him such
provisions as he had collected for himself, on which 95
Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the her-
mit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither.
I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the
wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obi- 100
dah then related the occurrences of his journey, with-
out any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies,
the danger and escape of this day, sink deep into thy
heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the jour- 105
ney of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full
of vigor and full of expectation; we set forward with
spirit and hope, with gayety and with diligence, and
travel on a while in the straight road of piety, towards
the mansions of rest. In a short time, we remit our 110
fervor, and endeavor to find some mitigation of our
duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same
end. We then relax our vigor, and resolve no longer
to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon
our own constancy, and venture to approach what we 115
resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of
ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the
heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then
willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be
made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes 120
upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them
with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter
timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass
through them without losing the road of virtue, which

we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we 125
 purpose to return. But temptation succeeds tempta-
 tion, and one compliance prepares us for another; we
 in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our
 disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees, we
 let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and 130
 quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We
 entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in
 luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy,
 till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and
 disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look 135
 back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with re-
 pentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we
 had not forsaken the ways of virtue.

"Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy
 example not to despair, but shall remember, that, though 140
 the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet
 remains one effort to be made; that reformation is
 never hopeless, nor sincere endeavors ever unassisted;
 that the wanderer may at length return, after all his
 errors; and that he who implores strength and courage 145
 from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way
 before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thy-
 self to the care of Omnipotence; and, when the morning
 calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

EXERCISE II.

Night Scene in an American Forest.—CHATEAUBRIAND

I had wandered one evening in a vast forest, at some
 distance from the cataract of Niagara. I soon beheld
 the day gradually extinguished around me, and en-
 joyed, in all its solitude, the beautiful prospect of

night amid the deserts of the New World. An hour 5
after sunset, the moon appeared above the trees in the
opposite horizon. A balmy breeze, which the queen of
night brought with her from the east, seemed to precede
her in the forests, like her perfumed breath. The lonely
luminary slowly ascended in the heavens, now peace- 10
fully pursuing her azure course, and now reposing on
groups of clouds, which resembled the summits of lofty,
snow-covered mountains. These clouds, folding or ex-
panding their veils, rolled themselves out into transpa-
rent zones of white satin, dispersed into light flakes of 15
foam, or formed in the heavens bright beds of down, so
lovely to the eye, that you would have imagined you felt
their softness and their elasticity.

The scenery on the earth was not less enchanting.
The soft and bluish beams of the moon darted through 20
the intervals between the trees, and threw streams of
light into the obscurity of the most profound darkness.
The river that glided at my feet, was now lost in the
woods, and now re-appeared, glistening with the constel-
lations of night, which were reflected on its bosom. In 25
a vast plain beyond this stream, the radiance of the
moon reposed without motion on the verdure. Birch
trees, scattered here and there in the savanna, and agi-
tated by the breeze, formed islands of floating shadows
on a motionless sea of light. Near to me all was silence 30
and repose, save the fall of some leaf, the transient
rustling of a sudden breath of wind, or the rare and
interrupted hootings of the owl; but at a distance was
heard, at intervals, the solemn roar of the falls of Ni-
agara, which, amid the calm of night, was prolonged 35
from desert to desert, and died away among the solitary
forests. The grandeur, the astonishing sublimity of this
scene, human language is inadequate to express; nor
can the most delightful nights in Europe afford any idea

of them. In vain imagination seeks to extend itself in 40
our cultivated fields; it everywhere meets the habita-
tions of men. But in these desert regions, the mind
loves to penetrate into an ocean of forests, to wander on
the banks of prodigious lakes, to soar above the abysses
of cataracts, and, as it were, to find itself alone before 45
God.

EXERCISE III.

Sorrow for the Dead.—W. IRVING.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from
which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound
we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but
this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this
affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. * * * 5
Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud even
over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sad-
ness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange
it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry?
No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. 10
There is a recollection of the dead to which we turn
even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—
the grave! It buries every error—covers every de-
fect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peace-
ful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender 15
recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even
of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that
ever he should have warred with the poor handful of
earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we love—what a place for 20
meditation! Then it is that we call up in long review
the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the

thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; then it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness, of the parting scene—the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities—the last testimonies of expiring love—the feeble, fluttering, thrilling,—oh! how thrilling! pressure of the hand—the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence—the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Aye, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul;—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing. Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes

of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the 60 living.

EXERCISE IV.

The Bible.—PHILLIPS.

The Bible is a book of facts, as well authenticated as any heathen history; a book of miracles, incontestibly avouched; a book of prophecy, confirmed by past as well as present fulfilment; a book of poetry, pure and natural, and elevated even to inspiration; a book of 5 morals, such as human wisdom never framed for the perfection of human happiness. I will abide by the precepts, admire the beauty, revere the mysteries, and, as far as in me lies, practise the mandates of this sacred volume; and should the ridicule of earth and the blas- 10 phemy of hell assail me, I shall console myself by the contemplation of those blessed spirits, who in the same holy cause have toiled, and shone, and suffered. In the "goodly fellowship of the saints"—in the "noble army of the martyrs"—in the society of the great, and good, 15 and wise of every nation—if my sinfulness be not cleansed, and my darkness illuminated, at least my pretensionless submission may be excused. If I err with the luminaries I have chosen for my guides, I confess myself captivated by the loveliness of their aberrations. 20 If they err, it is in a heavenly region; if they wander, it is in the fields of light; if they aspire, it is, at all events, a glorious daring; and rather than sink with infidelity into the dust, I am content to cheat myself with their vision of eternity. It may, indeed, be nothing but 25

delusion ; but then I err with the disciples of philosophy and of virtue ; with men who have drunk deep at the fountain of human knowledge, but who dissolved not the pearl of their salvation in the draught. I err with Bacon, the great confidant of nature, fraught with all 30 the learning of the past, and almost prescient of the future ; yet too wise not to know his weakness, and too philosophic not to feel his ignorance. I err with Milton, rising on an angel's wing to heaven, and, like the bird of morn, soaring out of sight amid the music of his 35 grateful piety. I err with Locke, whose pure philosophy only taught him to adore its source ; whose warm love of genuine liberty was never chilled into rebellion with its author. I err with Newton, whose star-like spirit shot athwart the darkness of the sphere, too soon to re- 40 ascend to the home of its nativity.

X EXERCISE V.

The Religious Faith of the Red Man.—BANCROFT.

The red man, unaccustomed to generalization, obtained no conception of an absolute substance, of a self-existent being, but saw a divinity in every power. Wherever there was being, motion, or action, there to him was a spirit ; and, in a special manner, wherever 5 there appeared singular excellence among beasts or birds, or in the creation, there to him was the presence of a divinity. When he feels his pulse throb or his heart beat, he knows that it is a spirit. A god resides in the flint, to give forth the kindling, cheering fire ; a 10 spirit resides in the mountain cliff ; a spirit makes its abode in the cool recesses of the grotto which nature

has adorned; a god dwells in each "little grass" that springs miraculously from the earth. "The woods, the wilds, and the waters, respond to savage intelligence; 15 the stars and the mountains live; the river, and the lake, and the waves have a spirit."

Every hidden agency, every mysterious influence, is personified. A god dwells in the sun, and in the moon, and in the firmament; the spirit of the morning reddens 20 in the eastern sky; a deity is present in the ocean and in the fire; the crag that overhangs the river has its genius; there is a spirit to the waterfall; a household god dwells in the Indian's wigwam, and consecrates his home; spirits climb upon the forehead to weigh down 25 the eyelids in sleep. Not the heavenly bodies only, the sky is filled with spirits that minister to man. To the savage, divinity, broken, as it were, into an infinite number of fragments, fills all place and all being.

EXERCISE VI.

The Sabbath Bell in the Country.—N. P. WILLIS.

Beautiful and salutary, as a religious influence, is the sound of a distant Sabbath bell, in the country. It comes floating over the hills, like the going abroad of a spirit; and as the leaves stir with its vibrations, and the drops of dew tremble in the cups of the flowers, you 5 could almost believe that there was a Sabbath in nature, and that the dumb works of God rendered visible worship for his goodness. The effect of nature alone is purifying; and its thousand evidences of wisdom are too eloquent of their Maker, not to act as a continual 10 lesson; but combined with the instilled piety of child-

hood, and the knowledge of the inviolable holiness of the time, the mellow cadences of a church bell give to the hush of the country Sabbath, a holiness to which only a desperate heart could be insensible.

15

EXERCISE VII

Studies.—BACON.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use, for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. Expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read

wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books 25
 also, may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them
 by others; but that would be only in the less important
 arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled
 books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.
 Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, 30
 and writing an exact man: and therefore, if a man
 write little, he had need have a great memory; if he
 confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he
 read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to
 know that he doth not. 35

EXERCISE VIII.

Influence of Human Knowledge.—E. EVERETT.

We are composed of two elements: the one, a little
 dust caught up from the earth, to which we shall soon
 return; the other, a spark of that divine intelligence, in
 which and through which we bear the image of our Cre-
 ator. By knowledge, the wings of the intellect are 5
 spread;—by ignorance, they are closed and palsied,
 and the physical passions are left to gain the ascendancy.
 Knowledge opens all the senses to the wonders of crea-
 tion; ignorance seals them up, and leaves the animal
 propensities unbalanced by reflection, enthusiasm, and 10
 taste. To the ignorant man, the glorious pomp of day,
 the sparkling mysteries of night, the majestic ocean, the
 rushing storm, the plenty-bearing river, the salubrious
 breeze, the fertile field, the docile animal tribes, the
 broad, the various, the unexhausted domain of nature, are 15
 a mere outward pageant, poorly understood in their char-
 acter and harmony, and prized only so far as they min-

ister to the supply of sensual wants. How different the scene to the man whose mind is stored with knowledge ! For him the mystery is unfolded, the veil lifted up, as 20 one after another he turns the leaves of the great volume of creation, which is filled in every page with the characters of wisdom, power, and love ; with lessons of truth the most exalted ; with images of unspeakable loveliness and wonder ; arguments of Providence ; food for medi- 25 tation ; themes of praise. One noble science sends him to the barren hills, and teaches him to survey their broken precipices. Where ignorance beholds nothing but a rough inorganic mass, instruction discerns the intelligible record of primal convulsions of the world ; the 30 secrets of ages before man was ; the landmarks of the elemental struggles and throes of what is now the terra-queous globe. Buried monsters, of which the race are now extinct, are dragged out of deep strata, dug out of eternal rocks, and brought almost to life, to bear witness 35 to the power that created them. Before the admiring student of nature has realized all the wonders of the elder world, thus, as it were, recreated by science, another delightful instructress, with her microscope in her hand, bids him sit down, and learn at least to know the 40 universe in which he lives, and contemplate the limbs, the motions, the circulations of races of animals, disporting in *their* tempestuous ocean—a drop of water. Then, while his whole soul is penetrated with admiration of the power which has filled with life, and motion, 45 and sense, these all but non-existent atoms,—oh ! then, let the divinest of the muses, let astronomy approach, and take him by the hand ; let her

“ Come, but keep her wonted state,
With even-step and musing gait,
And looks commencing with the skies,
Her wrapt soul sitting in her eyes : ”

Let her lead him to the mount of vision ; let her turn
 her heaven-piercing tube to the sparkling vault ; through
 that let him observe the serene star of evening, and see 55
 it transform into a cloud-encompassed orb, a world of
 rugged mountains and stormy deeps ; or behold the pale
 beams of Saturn, lost to the untaught observer amidst
 myriads of brighter stars, and see them expand into the
 broad disk of a noble planet, — the seven attendant 60
 worlds, — the wondrous rings, — a mighty system in it-
 self, borne at the rate of twenty-two thousand miles an
 hour, on its broad pathway through the heavens ; and
 then let him reflect that our great solar system, of
 which Saturn and his stupendous retinue are but a 65
 small part, fills itself, in the general structure of the
 universe, but the space of one fixed star ; and that the
 power which filled the drop of water with millions of liv-
 ing beings, is present and active throughout this illimit-
 able creation ! Yes, yes, 70

“The undevout astronomer *is* mad !”

EXERCISE IX.

Sublimity of Ossian's Poems.—BLAIR.

All the circumstances of Ossian's composition are fa-
 vorable to the sublime, more perhaps than to any other
 species of beauty. Accuracy and correctness, artfully
 connected narrations, exact method and proportion of
 parts, we may look for in polished times. The gay and ■
 the beautiful will appear to more advantage in the midst
 of smiling scenery and pleasurable themes. But amidst
 the rude scenes of nature, amidst the rocks and torrents,

and whirlwinds and battles, dwells the sublime. It is the thunder and lightning of genius. It is the offspring 10 of nature, not of art. It is negligent of all the lesser graces, and perfectly consistent with a certain noble disorder. It associates naturally with that grave and solemn spirit which distinguishes our author. For the sublime is an awful and serious emotion, and is heightened 15 by all the images of Trouble, and Terror, and Darkness. Simplicity and conciseness are never-failing characteristics of the style of a sublime writer.

He rests on the majesty of his sentiments, not on the pomp of his expressions. The main secret of being 20 sublime, is to say great things in few and plain words; for every superfluous decoration degrades a sublime idea. The mind rises and dwells, when a lofty description or sentiment is presented to it, in its native form. But no sooner does the poet attempt to spread out this 25 sentiment or description, and to deck it round and round with glittering ornaments, than the mind begins to fall from its elevation; the transport is over; the beautiful may remain, but the sublime is gone. Hence the concise and simple style of Ossian gives great advantage to 30 his sublime conceptions, and assists them in seizing the imagination with full power.

EXERCISE X.

Influence of Wordsworth upon Poetical Taste.

H. T. TUCKERMAN.

It is not easy to estimate the happy influence Wordsworth has exerted upon poetical taste and practice, by the example he has given of a more simple and artless

style. Like the sculptors who led their pupils to the anatomy of the human frame, and the painters who introduced the practice of drawing from the human figure, Wordsworth opposed, to the artificial and declamatory, the clear and natural in diction. He exhibited, as it were, a new source of the elements of expression. He endeavored, and with singular success, to revive a taste for less exciting poetry. He boldly tried the experiment of introducing plain viands at a banquet, garnished with all the art of gastronomy.

He offered to substitute crystal water for ruddy wine, and invited those accustomed only to "a sound of revelry by night," to go forth and breathe the air of mountains, and gaze into the mirror of peaceful lakes. He aimed to persuade men that they could be "moved by gentler excitements" than those of luxury and violence. He essayed to calm their beating hearts, to cool their fevered blood, to lead them gently back to the fountains that "go softly." He bade them repose their throbbing brows upon the lap of Nature. He quietly advocated the peace of rural solitude, the pleasure of evening walks among the hills, as more salutary than more ostentatious amusements. The lesson was suited to the period. It came forth from the retirement of Nature as quietly as a zephyr; but it was not lost in the hum of the world. Insensibly it mingled with the noisy strife, and subdued it to a sweeter murmur. It fell upon the heart of youth, and its passions grew calmer. It imparted a more harmonious tone to the meditations of the poet. It tempered the aspect of life to many an eager spirit, and gradually weaned the thoughtful from the encroachments of false taste and conventional habits. To a commercial people, it portrayed the attractiveness of tranquillity. Before an unhealthy and flashy literature, it set up a standard of truthfulness and simplicity. In an age of

mechanical triumph, it celebrated the majestic resources of the universe.

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To this calm voice from the mountains, none could listen without advantage. What though its tones were sometimes monotonous, — they were hopeful and serene. To listen exclusively, might indeed prove wearisome; but in some placid moments those mild echoes could not 45 but bring good cheer. In the turmoil of cities, they refreshed from contrast; among the green fields, they inclined the mind to recognize blessings to which it is often insensible. There were ministers to the passions, and apostles of learning, sufficient for the exigencies of 50 the times. Such an age could well suffer one preacher of the simple, the natural, and the true; one advocate of a wisdom not born of books, of a pleasure not obtained from society, of a satisfaction underived from outward activity. And such a prophet proved William 53 Wordsworth.

EXERCISE XI.

Characteristics of Bonaparte's Ambition.—CHANNING.

The burst of admiration, which his early career called forth, must have had a particular influence in imparting to his ambition that modification by which it was characterized, and which contributed alike to its success and its fall. He began with *astonishing* the world, with producing a sudden and universal *sensation*, such as modern 5 times had not witnessed. To *astonish* as well as to *sway* by his energies, became the great aim of his life. Henceforth to rule was not enough for Bonaparte. He wanted to amaze, to dazzle, to overpower men's souls, by 10 striking, bold, magnificent, and unanticipated results.

To govern ever so absolutely would not have satisfied him, if he must have governed silently. He wanted to reign through wonder and awe, by the grandeur and terror of his name, by displays of power which would rivet on him every eye, and make him the theme of every tongue. Power was his supreme object, but a power which should be gazed at as well as felt, which should strike men as a prodigy, which should shake old thrones as an earthquake, and, by the suddenness of its new creations, should awaken something of the submissive wonder which miraculous agency inspires. 15 20

Such seems to have been the distinction, or characteristic modification of his love of fame. It was a diseased passion for a kind of admiration, which, from the principles of our nature, cannot be enduring, and which demands for its support perpetual and more stimulating novelty. Mere esteem he would have scorned. Calm admiration, though universal and enduring, would have been insipid. He wanted to electrify, to overwhelm. He lived for effect. The world was his theatre; and he cared little what part he played, if he might walk the sole hero on the stage, and call forth bursts of applause, which would silence all other fame. In war, the triumphs which he coveted were those in which he seemed to sweep away his foes like a whirlwind; and the immense and unparalleled sacrifice of his own soldiers, in the rapid marches and daring assaults to which he owed his victories, in no degree diminished their worth to the victor. In peace, he delighted to hurry through his dominions; to multiply himself by his rapid movements; to gather at a glance the capacities of improvement which every important place possessed; to suggest plans which would startle by their originality and vastness; to project in an instant, works which a life could not accomplish, and to leave behind the impression of super-human energy. 25 30 35 40 45

EXERCISE XII.

Filial Affection.—SHERIDAN.

Filial love ! the morality of instinct, the sacrament of nature and duty, — or rather let me say, it is miscalled a duty ; for it flows from the heart without effort, and is its delight, its indulgence, its enjoyment. It is guided not by the slow dictates of reason ; it awaits not encouragement from reflection or from thought ; it asks no aid of memory ; it is an innate, but active consciousness of having been the object of a thousand tender solitudes, a thousand waking, watchful cares, of meek anxiety and patient sacrifices, unremarked and unrequited by the object. It is a gratitude founded upon a conviction of obligations, not remembered, but the more binding because not remembered ; because conferred before the tender reason could acknowledge, or the infant memory record them, — a gratitude and affection, which no circumstances should subdue, and which few can strengthen ; an affection, which can be increased only by the decay of those to whom we owe it, and which is then most fervent when the tremulous voice of age, resistless in its feebleness, inquires for the natural protector of its cold decline.

If these are the general sentiments of man, what must be their depravity, what must be their degeneracy, who can blot out and erase from the bosom the virtue that is deepest rooted in the human breast, and twined within the cords of life itself ! Surely, no language can fully portray the enormity of their guilt, or express the depth of their degradation, if they do thus crush this instinct of nature, and obliterate from their hearts this handwriting of the Almighty !

EXERCISE XIII.

The Genius of Shakspeare.—JEFFREY.

In many points, Mr. Hazlitt has acquitted himself excellently; particularly in the development of the principal characters with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancies of all English readers,—but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out, that familiarity with beautiful forms and images,—that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspect of nature,—that indestructible love of flowers and odors, and dews and clear waters, and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry,—and that fine sense of their undefinable relations to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul, and which, in the midst of Shakspeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins,—contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements,—which *he alone* has poured out from the richness of his own mind without effort or restraint, and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress from love of ornament or need of repose; he alone, who, when the subject requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical, and who yet, without changing his hand, or stopping his course, scatters around him as he goes, all sounds and shapes of sweetness, and conjures up land-

scapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace, and is a thousand times more full of imagery and splendor, than those who, for the sake of such qualities, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares. More full of wisdom, and ridicule, and sagacity, than all the moralists and satirists in existence, he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world; and has all these elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason, nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Every thing in him is in unmeasured abundance and unequalled perfection; but every thing so balanced and kept in subordination as not to jostle, or disturb, or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions, are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn without loading the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly, than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets, but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their Creator.

EXERCISE XIV.

Purpose of the Monument on Bunker Hill.—WEBSTER.

We know that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know, that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but a part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges herself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself, can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure, which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial. But our object is, by this edifice, to show our deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard to the principles of the revolution. Human beings are composed, not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiments; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied, which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart.

Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it for ever. We rear a memorial of our convictions of that unmeasured benefit, which has been conferred upon our land,

and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark the spot which must be for ever dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, 35 may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erec- 40 tion from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud in the midst of its toil. We wish that in those days of disaster, which, as they come upon all nations, 45 must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn his eye hither, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, 50 may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something, which shall remind him of the liberty and 55 glory of his country. Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming. Let the earliest light of morning gild it, and parting day linger and play upon its summit.

CLASS BOOK
OF
PROSE AND POETRY.

PART II.—POETRY.

EXERCISE I.

To Seneca Lake.—PERCIVAL.

1. On thy fair bosom, silver lake
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.
2. On thy fair bosom, waveless stream !
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.
3. The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.
4. How sweet, at set of sun, to view
The golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side !

5. At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below ;
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.
 6. On thy fair bosom, silver lake !
Oh ! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.
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EXERCISE II.

The Soldier's Dream.—CAMPBELL.

1. Our bugles sang truce — for the night cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered, —
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
2. When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain ;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.
3. Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ;
'T was autumn — and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.
4. I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

5. Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.
6. " Stay, stay with us — rest, thou art weary and worn : "
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

EXERCISE III.

Consumption.—PERCIVAL.

There is a sweetness in woman's decay,
 When the light of beauty is fading away,
 When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
 And the tint that glowed, and the eye that shone
 And darted around its glance of power, 5
 And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower,
 That ever in Pæstum's garden blew,
 Or ever was steeped in fragrant dew,
 When all that was bright and fair, is fled,
 But the loveliness lingering round the dead. 10

Oh ! there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
 Like the perfume scenting the withered rose ;
 For a nameless charm around her plays,
 And her eyes are kindled with hallowed rays,
 And a veil of spotless purity 15
 Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
 Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
 Has poured her softest tint of light ;

And there is a blending of white and blue,
Where the purple blood is melting through
The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
And there are tones, that sweetly speak
Of a spirit, who longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away.

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In the flush of youth and spring of feeling,
When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
Its silent steps through a flowery path,
And all the endearments that pleasure hath
Are poured from her full, o'erflowing horn,
When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,
In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song
The maiden may trip in the dance along,
And think of the passing moment, that lies,
Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes,
And yield to the present, that charms around
With all that is lovely in sight and sound,
Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit,
And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
And the heart in its fullness flowing o'er
With a few big drops, that are soon repressed,
For short is the stay of grief in the breast:
In this enlivened and gladsome hour
The spirit may burn with a brighter power;
But dearer the calm and quiet day,
When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

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EXERCISE IV.

From "The Discourse of the Wanderer."—WORDSWORTH.

Ah! why in age

Do we revert so fondly to the walks
 Of Childhood — but that there the Soul discerns
 The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired
 Of her own native vigor — but for this, 5
 That it is given her thence in age to hear
 Reverberations, and a choral song,
 Commingling with the incense that ascends
 Undaunted, towards the imperishable heavens,
 From her own lonely altar? — Do not think 10
 That Good and Wise will ever be allowed,
 Though strength decay, to breathe in such estate
 As shall divide them wholly from the stir
 Of hopeful nature. Rightly is it said
 That man descends into the Vale of years; 15
 Yet have I thought that we might also speak,
 And not presumptuously, I trust, of Age,
 As of a final Eminence, though bare
 In aspect and forbidding, yet a Point
 On which 't is not impossible to sit 20
 In awful sovereignty — a place of power —
 A Throne, which may be likened unto his,
 Who, in some placid day in summer, looks
 Down from a mountain-top, — say one of those
 High peaks, that bound the Vale where now we are. 25
 Fast and diminished to the gazing eye,
 Forest and field, and hill and dale appear,
 With all the shapes upon their surface spread.
 But, while the gross and visible frame of things
 Renquishes its hold upon the sense, 30

Yea, almost on the mind itself, and seems
 All unsubstantialized, — how loud the voice
 Of waters, with invigorated peal
 From the full River in the vale below,
 Ascending! — For on that superior height 35
 Who sits, is disencumbered from the press
 Of near obstructions, and is privileged
 To breathe in solitude above the host
 Of ever-humming insects, 'mid thin air
 That suits not them. The murmur of the leaves, 40
 Many and idle, touches not his ear;
 This he is freed from, and from thousand notes
 Not less unceasing, not less vain than these, —
 By which the finer passages of sense
 Are occupied; and the Soul, that would incline 45
 To listen, is prevented or deterred.

EXERCISE V.

Night.—MONTGOMERY.

1. Night is the time for rest;
 How sweet, when labors close,
 To gather round an aching breast
 The curtain of repose,
 Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
 Upon our own delightful bed!
2. Night is the time for dreams;
 The gay romance of life,
 When truth that is and truth that seems,
 Blend in fantastic strife;
 Ah! visions less beguiling far
 Than waking dreams by daylight are!

3. Night is the time to weep ;
 To wet with unseen tears
 Those graves of memory where sleep
 The joys of other years ;
 Hopes that were angels in their birth,
 But perished young, like things on earth !

4. Night is the time to watch ;
 On ocean's dark expanse
 To hail the Pleiades, or catch
 The full moon's earliest glance,
 That brings unto the homesick mind
 All we have loved and left behind.

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5. Night is the time to muse ;
 Then from the eye the soul
 Takes flight, and with expanding views
 Beyond the starry pole,
 Descries athwart the abyss of night
 The dawn of uncreated light.

6. Night is the time to pray ;
 Our Saviour oft withdrew
 To desert mountains far away ;
 So will his followers do, —
 Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
 And hold communion there with God.

7. Night is the time for death ;
 When all around is peace,
 Calmly to yield the weary breath,
 From sin and suffering cease :
 Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
 To parting friends — such death be mine !

EXERCISE VI.

From "The Fall of Jerusalem."—MILMAN.

SIMON ALONE.

The air is still and cool. It comes not yet:
 I thought that I had felt it in my sleep,
 Weighing upon my choked and laboring breast,
 That did rejoice beneath the stern oppression ;
 I thought I saw its lurid gloom o'erspreading 5
 The starless waning night. But yet it comes not,
 The broad and sultry thunder-cloud, wherein
 The God of Israel evermore pavilions
 The chariot of his vengeance. I look out,
 And still, as I have seen, morn after morn, 10
 The hills of Judah flash upon my sight
 Th' accursed radiance of the Gentile arms.
 But oh ! ye sky-descending ministers,
 That on invisible and soundless wing
 Stoop to your earthly purposes, as swift 15
 As rushing fire, and terrible as the wind
 That sweeps the tentless desert — ye that move,
 Shrouded in secrecy as in a robe,
 With gloom of deepest midnight, the vaunt-courier
 Of your dread presence ! will ye not reveal ? — 20
 Will ye not one compassionate glimpse vouchsafe,
 By what dark instruments 't is now your charge
 To save the Holy City ? — Lord of Israel !
 Thee too I ask, with bold yet holy awe,
 Which now of thy obsequious elements 25
 Choorest thou for thy champion and thy combatant ?
 For well they know, the wide and deluging Waters,
 The ravenous Fire, and the plague-breathing Air,
 Yea, and the yawning and wide-chasmed Earth,

They know thy bidding, by fixed habit bound
 To the usage of obedience. Or the rather,
 Look we in weary yet undaunted hope
 To Him that is to come, the Mighty Arm,
 The Wearer of the purple robe of vengeance,
 The Crowned with dominion? Let him haste;
 The wine-press waits the trampling of his wrath,
 And Judah yearns to unfurl the Lion banner
 Before the terrible radiance of his coming.

EXERCISE VII.

Speech of Simon to Titus.—MILMAN.

I speak to thee,

Titus, as warrior should accost a warrior.
 The world, thou boastest, is Rome's slave; the sun
 Rises and sets upon no realm but yours;
 Ye plant your giant foot in either ocean,
 And vaunt that all which ye o'erstride is Rome's.
 But think ye then, because the common earth
 Surfeits your pride with homage, that our land,
 Our separate, peculiar, sacred land,
 Portioned and sealed unto us by the God
 Who made the round world and the crystal heavens;—
 A wondrous land, where Nature's common course
 Is strange and out of use, so oft the Lord
 Invades it with miraculous intervention;—
 Think ye this land shall be a Heathen heritage,
 A high place for your Moloch? Haughty Gentile,
 Even now ye walk on ruin and on prodigy.
 The air ye breathe is heavy, and o'ercharged
 With your dark, gathering doom; and if our earth

Do yet in its disdain endure the footing 20
Of your armed legions, 't is because it labors
With silent throes of expectation, waiting
The signal of your scattering. Lo ! the mountains
Bend o'er you with their huge and lowering shadows,
Ready to rush and overwhelm : the winds 25
Do listen, panting for the tardy presence
Of Him that shall avenge. And there is scorn,
Yea, there is laughter, in our fathers' tombs,
To think that Heathen conqueror doth aspire
To lord it over God's Jerusalem ! 30
Yea, in hell's deep and desolate abode,
Where dwell the perished kings, the chief of earth ;
They whose idolatrous warfare erst assailed
The Holy City, and the chosen people ;
They wait for thee, the associate of their hopes 35
And fatal fall, to join their ruined conclave.
He whom the Red Sea 'whelmed with all his host,
Pharaoh, the Egyptian ; and the kings of Canaan ;
The Philistine, the Dagon worshipper ;
Moab, and Edom, and fierce Amalek ; 40
And he of Babylon, whose multitudes,
Even on the hill where gleam your myriad spears,*
In one'brief night the invisible Angel swept
With the dark, noiseless shadow of his wing,
And morn beheld the fierce and riotous camp 45
One cold, and mute, and tombless cemetery ;
Sennacherib : all, all are risen, are moved ;
Yea, they take up their taunting song of welcome
To him who, like themselves, hath madly warred
'Gainst Zion's walls, and miserably fallen 50
Before the avenging God of Israel !

* The camp of Titus comprehended the space called the " Assyrian's Camp."

EXERCISE VIII.

Flowers, the Gift of Divine Benignity.—MRS. HEMANS.

Yes, there shall still be joy,
 Where God hath poured forth beauty ; and the voice
 Of human love shall still be heard in praise
 Over His glorious gifts ! — O Father, Lord !
 The All-Beneficent ! I bless Thy name, 5
 That Thou hast mantled the green earth with flowers,
 Linking our hearts to nature ! By the love
 Of their wild blossoms, our young footsteps first
 Into her deep recesses are beguiled —
 Her minster cells — dark glen and forest bower : — 10
 Where, thrilling with its earliest sense of Thee,
 Amidst the low, religious whisperings,
 And shivery leaf-sounds of the solitude,
 The spirit wakes to worship, and is made
 Thy living temple. By the breath of flowers, 15
 Thou callest us from city throngs and cares,
 Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain streams,
 That sing of Thee ! — back to free childhood's heart,
 Fresh with the dews of tenderness ! — Thou bidd'st
 The lilies of the field with placid smile 20
 Reprove man's feverish heart-strings, and infuse
 Through his worn soul a more unworldly life,
 With their soft, holy breath. Thou hast not left
 His purer nature, with its fine desires,
 Uncared for in this universe of Thine ! — 25
 The glowing rose attests it, the beloved
 Of poet hearts, — touched by their fervent dreams
 With spiritual light, and made a source
 Of heaven-ascending thoughts. E'en to faint age
 Thou lend'st the vernal bliss : — The old man's eye 30

Falls on the kindling blossoms, and his soul
 Remembers youth and love, and hopefully
 Turns unto Thee, who call'st earth's buried germs
 From dust to splendor ; as the mortal seed
 Shall, at Thy summons, from the grave spring up 35
 To put on glory, — to be girt with power,
 And filled with immortality. Receive
 Thanks, blessings, love, for these, Thy lavish boons,
 And, most of all; their heavenward influences, —
 O Thou that gav'st us flowers ! 40

EXERCISE IX.

"Show us the Father."—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

1. Have ye not *seen* Him, when through parted snows
 Wake the first kindlings of the vernal green ?
 When 'neath its modest veil the arbutus blows,
 And the blue violet bursts its mossy screen ?
 When the wild rose, that asks no florist's care,
 Unfoldeth its rich leaves, have ye not seen Him there ?
2. Have ye not *seen* Him, when the infant's eye,
 Through its bright sapphire window, shows the mind ?
 When in the trembling of the tear or sigh
 Floats forth that essence, trembling and refined ?
 Saw ye not Him, — the Author of our trust,
 Who breathed the breath of life into a frame of dust ?
3. Have ye not *heard* Him, when the tuneful rill
 Casts off its icy chains, and leaps away ?
 In thunders, echoing loud from hill to hill ?
 In song of birds, at break of summer's day ?

Or in the Ocean's everlasting roar,
 Battling the old gray rocks, that sternly guard his shore ?

4. When in the stillness of the Sabbath morn,
 The week's dread cares in tranquil slumber rest,
 When in the heart the holy thought is born,
 And Heaven's high impulse warms the waiting breast,
 Have ye not *felt* Him, when your voiceless prayer
 Swelled out in tones of praise, announcing God was there ?

5. *Show us the Father !* If ye fail to trace
 His chariot, when the stars majestic roll,
 His pencil, 'mid earth's loveliness and grace,
 His presence, in the Sabbath of the soul, —
 How can ye see Him, till the day of dread,
 When to the assembled worlds the Book of Doom is read ?

EXERCISE X.

The Thoughts of the Dumb.—J. H. CLINCH.

From words we gain ideas ; — there are some,
 Alas ! whose only knowledge rests in words, —
 Their wisdom empty wind. How different
 The shadowy thoughts which wander through such minds,
 From those ideal pictures, fresh and warm 5
 And well defined, which crowd the mental sight
 Of the deaf mute ! Words are unknown to him —
 His thoughts are things — his logic and his chain
 Of metaphysical deductions — all
 Pass through his brain in bright depicted facts, 10
 The fresh reflections in mind's mirror clear
 Of Art's achievements or of Nature's works.

One, to whom Heaven, in wisdom infinite,
 But to our sense inscrutable, had locked
 The gates of Sound and Speech, was asked to tell 15
 The meaning of "*forgiveness*."

Pausing then

A moment, with the eye of memory
 "To glance from Heaven to Earth, from Earth to Heaven,"
 For fitting thoughts, he seized the ready pen 20
 And wrote, — *The odor which the trampled flower*
Gives out to bless the foot which crushes it!

EXERCISE XI.

Old Age and Death.—WALLER.

1. The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
 So calm are we when passions are no more.
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age describes.
2. The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home!
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
 The next in majesty, in both the last.

EXERCISE XII.

Death of Adam and Eve.—MONTGOMERY.

The sun in summer majesty on high,
 Darted his fierce effulgence down the sky;
 Yet dimmed and blunted were the dazzling rays,
 His orb expanded through a dreary haze;
 And, circled with a red portentous zone, 5
 He looked in sickly horror from his throne;
 The vital air was still; the torrid heat
 Oppressed our hearts, that labored hard to beat.
 When higher noon had shrunk the lessening shade,
 Thence to his home our father we conveyed, 10
 And stretched him, pillowed with his latest sheaves,
 On a fresh couch of green and fragrant leaves.
 Here, though his sufferings through the glen were known,
 We chose to watch his dying bed alone,
 Eve, Seth, and I. In vain he sighed for rest, 15
 And oft his meek complainings, thus expressed:
 "Blow on me, wind! I faint with heat! O bring
 Delicious water from the deepest spring;
 Your sunless shadows o'er my limbs diffuse,
 Ye cedars! wash me cold with midnight dew. 20
 Cheer me, my friends! with looks of kindness cheer;
 Whisper a word of comfort in mine ear;
 Those sorrowing faces fill my soul with gloom;
 This silence is the silence of the tomb.
 Thither I hasten; help me on my way; 25
 O sing to soothe me, and to strengthen pray!"
 We sang to soothe him — hopeless was the song;
 We prayed to strengthen him — he grew not strong.
 In vain from every herb, and fruit, and flower,
 Of cordial sweetness or of healing power, 30

We pressed the virtue; no terrestrial balm
 Nature's dissolving agony could calm.
 Thus, as the day declined, the fell disease
 Eclipsed the light of life by slow degrees;
 Yet while his pangs grew sharper, more resigned, 35
 More self-collected grew the sufferer's mind;
 Patient of heart, though racked at every pore,
 The righteous penalty of sin he bore;
 Not his the fortitude that mocks at pains,
 But that which feels them most, and yet sustains. 40
 " 'Tis just, 't is merciful," we heard him say;
 " Yet wherefore hath he turned his face away?
 I see him not; I hear him not; I call;
 My God! my God! support me, or I fall."

The sun went down, amidst an angry glare 45
 Of flushing clouds, that crimsoned all the air;
 The winds brake loose; the forest boughs were torn,
 And dark aloof the eddying foliage borne;
 Cattle to shelter scudded in affright;
 The florid evening vanished into night: 50
 Then burst the hurricane upon the vale,
 In peals of thunder, and thick-vollied hail;
 Prone rushing rains with torrents whelm'd the land,
 Our cot amidst a river seemed to stand;
 Around its base, the foamy-crested streams 55
 Flashed through the darkness to the lightning's gleams;
 With monstrous throes an earthquake heaved the ground;
 The rocks were rent, the mountains trembled round;
 Never since nature into being came,
 Had such mysterious motion shook her frame; 60
 We thought, ingulph't in floods, or wrapt in fire,
 The world itself would perish with our sire.
 Amidst this war of elements within
 More dreadful grew the sacrifice for sin,

Whose victim on his bed of torture lay, 65
 Breathing the slow remains of life away.
 Erewhile, victorious faith sublimer rose
 Beneath the pressure of collected woes :
 But now his spirit wavered, went and came,
 Like the loose vapor of departing flame, 70
 Till at the point, when comfort seemed to die
 For ever in his fixed unclosing eye,
 Bright through the smouldering ashes of the man,
 The saint broke forth, and Adam thus began :

“ O ye that shudder at this awful strife, 75
 This wrestling agony of death and life,
 Think not that He, on whom my soul is cast,
 Will leave me thus forsaken to the last ;
 Nature’s infirmity alone you see ;
 My chains are breaking, I shall soon be free ; 80
 Though firm in God the spirit holds her trust,
 The flesh is frail, and trembles into dust.
 Horror and anguish seize me ; — ’t is the hour
 Of darkness, and I mourn beneath its power ;
 The Tempter plies me with his direst art, 85
 I feel the Serpent coiling round my heart ;
 He stirs the wound he once inflicted there,
 Instils the deadening poison of despair,
 Belies the truth of God’s delaying grace,
 And bids me curse my Maker to his face. 90
 I will not curse Him, though his grace delay ;
 I will not cease to trust Him, though he slay ;
 Full on his promised mercy I rely,
 For God hath spoken, — God, who cannot lie.
 Thou of my faith the Author and the End ! 95
 Mine early, late, and everlasting friend !
 The joy, that once thy presence gave, restore
 Ere I am summoned hence, and seen no more :

Down to the dust returns this earthly frame ;
Receive my spirit, Lord ! from whom it came ; 100
Rebuke the Tempter, show thy power to save,
O let thy glory light me to the grave,
That these, who witness my departing breath,
May learn to triumph in the grasp of death."

He closed his eyelids with a tranquil smile, 105
And seemed to rest in silent prayer awhile :
Around his couch with filial awe we kneeled,
When suddenly a light from heaven revealed
A spirit, that stood within the unopened door ; —
The sword of God in his right hand he bore ; 110
His countenance was lightning, and his vest
Like snow at sunrise on the mountain's crest ;
Yet so benignly beautiful his form,
His presence stilled the fury of the storm ;
At once the winds retire, the waters cease ; 115
His look was love, his salutation, "Peace !"

Our mother first beheld him, sore amazed,
But terror grew to transport, while she gazed :
" 'Tis he, the Prince of Seraphim, who drove
Our banished feet from Eden's happy grove ; 120
Adam, my life, my spouse, awake ! " she cried ;
" Return to Paradise ; behold thy guide !
O let me follow in this dear embrace ! "
She sank, and on his bosom hid her face.
Adam looked up ; his visage changed its hue, 125
Transformed into an angel's at the view :
" I come ! " he cried, with faith's full triumph fired,
And in a sigh of ecstasy expired.
The light was vanished, and the vision fled ;
We stood alone, the living with the dead ; 130
The ruddy embers, glimmering round the room,
Displayed the corse amidst the solemn gloom ;

But o'er the scene a holy calm reposed,
The gate of heaven had opened there, and closed.

Eve's faithful arm still clasped her lifeless spouse ; 135

Gently I shook it, from her trance to rouse ;

She gave no answer ; motionless and cold,

It fell like clay from my relaxing hold ;

Alarmed, I lifted up the locks of grey

That hid her cheek ; her soul had passed away : 140

A beauteous corse she graced her partner's side ;

Love bound their lives, and death could not divide.

Trembling astonishment of grief we felt,

Till Nature's sympathies began to melt ;

We wept in stillness through the long, dark night, 145

And oh ! how welcome was the morning light !

EXERCISE XIII.

From "The Fall of Jerusalem."—MILMAN.

MIRIAM ALONE.

To-morrow ! will that to-morrow dawn upon thee ?

I've warned them, I have lifted up my voice,

As loud as 't were an angel's, and well nigh

Had I betrayed my secret: they but scoffed,

And asked how long I had been a prophetess ? 5

Then that injurious John did foully taunt me,

As though I envied my lost sister's bridal ;

And when I clung to my dear father's neck,

With the close fondness of a last embrace,

He shook me from him. 10

But, ah me ! how strange !

This moment, and the hurrying streets were full

As at a festival ; now all 's so silent,
 That I might hear the footsteps of a child.
 The sound of dissolute mirth hath ceased, the lamps 15
 Are spent, the voice of music broken off.
 No watchman's tread comes from the silent wall,
 There are nor lights nor voices in the towers.
 The hungry have given up their idle search
 For food, the gazers on the heavens are gone ; 20
 Even Fear 's at rest — all still as in a sepulchre !
 And thou liest sleeping, O Jerusalem !
 A deeper slumber could not fall upon thee,
 If thou wert desolate of all thy children,
 And thy razed streets a dwelling-place for owls. 25
 I do mistake ! this is the Wilderness,
 The Desert, where winds pass and make no sound,
 And not the populous city, the besieged
 And overhung with tempest. Why, my voice,
 My motion, breaks upon the oppressive stillness 30
 Like a forbidden and disturbing sound.
 The very air 's asleep ; my feeblest breathing
 Is audible — I 'll think my prayers — and then —
 Ha ! 't is the thunder of the Living God !
 It peals ! it crashes ! it comes down in fire ! 35
 Again ! — it is the engine of the foe ;
 Our walls are dust before it — Wake — oh wake ! —
 O Israel ! — O Jerusalem ! awake !
 Why shouldst thou wake ? thy foe is in the heavens !
 Yea, thy judicial slumber weighs thee down, 40
 And gives thee, O lost city ! to the Gentile,
 Defenceless, unresisting.

It rolls down,

As though the Everlasting raged not now
 Against our guilty Zion, but did mingle 45
 The universal world in our destruction,
 And all mankind were destined for a sacrifice

On Israel's funeral pile. O Crucified !
 Here, here, where thou didst suffer, I beseech thee,
 Even by thy cross !

50

Hark ! — now in impious rivalry
 Man thunders. In the centre of our streets
 The Gentile trumpet, the triumphant shouts
 Of onset ; and I, — I, a trembling girl,
 Alone, awake, abroad.

55

Oh ! now ye wake.
 Now ye pour forth, and hideous Massacre,
 Loathing his bloodless conquest, joys to see you
 Thus naked and unarmed.

EXERCISE XIV.

The Closing Year.—GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis midnight's holy hour — and silence now
 Is brooding like a gentle Spirit o'er
 The still and pulseless world. Hark ! on the winds
 The bell's deep tones are swelling — 't is the knell
 Of the departed year. No funeral train
 Is sweeping past, — yet, on the stream and wood,
 With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
 Like a pale, spotless shroud ; the air is stirred
 As by a mourner's sigh — and on yon cloud,
 That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
 The spirits of the seasons seem to stand, —
 Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
 And Winter with his aged locks, — and breathe,
 In mournful cadences that come abroad
 Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
 Gone from the Earth for ever.

5

10

15

'T is a time

For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
 Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
 Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time, 20
 Heard from the tomb of Ages, points its cold
 And solemn finger to the beautiful
 And holy visions, that have passed away,
 And left no shadow of their loveliness
 On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts 25
 The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love ;
 And, bending mournfully above the pale
 Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
 O'er what has passed to nothingness. The year
 Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng 30
 Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
 Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
 It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful —
 And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
 Upon the strong man — and the haughty form 35
 Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
 It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
 The bright and joyous — and the tearful wail
 Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
 And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er 40
 The battle-plain, where sword and spear and shield
 Flashed in the light of mid-day — and the strength
 Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
 Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
 The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came 45
 And faded like a wreath of mist at eve ;
 Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
 It heralded its millions to their home
 In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time —

Fierce Spirit of the Glass and Scythe — what power

Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar 55
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain-crag, — but Time 60
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
O'er Earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink 65
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise, 70
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths, 75
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void; yet Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not 80
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

EXERCISE XV.

The Spirit of Poetry.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

There is a quiet spirit in these woods,
 That dwells where'er the south wind blows;
 Where underneath the white thorn in the glade,
 The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,
 The leaves above their sunny palms outspread. 5
 With what a tender and impassioned voice
 It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
 When the fast-ushering star of morning comes,
 O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf;
 Or when the cowed and dusky-sandaled Eve, 10
 In mourning weeds from out the western gate,
 Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves
 In the green valley, where the silver brook,
 From its full laver, pours the white cascade;
 And, babbling low amid the tangled woods, 15
 Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter.
 And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
 Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself
 In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
 And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid 20
 The silent majesty of these deep woods,
 Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
 As to the sunshine, and the pure bright air,
 Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards
 Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades. 25
 For them there was an eloquent voice in all
 The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
 The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,
 Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds;
 The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun 30

Aslant the wooded slope at evening goes ;
 Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in ;
 Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
 The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees,
 In many a lazy syllable, repeating 35
 Their old poetical legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit that doth fill
 The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,
 My busy fancy oft embodies it,
 As the bright image of the light and beauty 40
 That dwell in nature, of the heavenly forms
 We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
 That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds
 When the sun sets. Within her eye
 The heaven of April, with its changing light, 45
 And when it wears the blue of May, is hung,
 And on her lip the rich red rose. Her hair
 Is like the summer tresses of the trees,
 When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek
 Blushes the richness of an autumn sky, 50
 With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,
 It is so like the gentle air of Spring,
 As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
 Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy
 To have it round us, and her silver voice 55
 Is the rich music of a summer bird,
 Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

EXERCISE XVI.

Character of the Italians.—GOLDSMITH.

Far to the right, where Appenine ascends,
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends :

Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride:
 While oft some temple's mouldering tops between, 5
 With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely blessed.
 Whatever fruits in distant climes are found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground; 10
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
 These here disporting, own the kindred soil, 15
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows. 20
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear;
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
 Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
 Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue; 25
 And even in penance planning sins anew.
 All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind;
 For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
 When commerce proudly flourished through the state; 30
 At her command the palace learned to rise,
 Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
 The canvass glowed, beyond e'en Nature warm,
 The pregnant quarry teemed with human form:
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale, 35
 Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
 While nought remained of all that riches gave,

But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave ;
 And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill

40

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;
 From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
 An easy compensation seem to find.

Here may be seen in bloodless pomp arrayed,
 The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade :
 By sports like these are all their cares beguiled ;
 The sports of children satisfy the child :

45

Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
 While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind :

50

As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
 Defaced by time and tottering in decay,
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
 And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

55

EXERCISE XVII.

Character of the Swiss.—GOLDSMITH.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread ;
 No product here the barren hills afford,
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword ;
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,

5

But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest. 10

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head, 15
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil. 20
 Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from sweet repose,
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep ;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way, 25
 And drags the struggling savage into day.

At night returning, every labor sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks that brighten at the blaze ; 30
 While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart, 35
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
 And even those hills, that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies :
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ; 40
 And as a child, when searing sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,

So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assigned: 45
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined:
Yet let them only share the praises due, —
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest. 50

EXERCISE XVIII.

Morning.—MALLET.

And now pale glimmering in the verge of heaven,
From east to north, in doubtful twilight seen,
A whitening lustre shoots its tender beam,
While shade and silence yet involve the ball;
Now sacred morn, ascending, smiles serene, 5
A dewy radiance, brightening o'er the world;
Gay daughter of the Air, for ever young,
For ever pleasing, lo! she onward comes,
In fluid gold and azure loose-arrayed,
Sun-tinctured, changeful hues: at her approach, 10
The western gray of yonder breaking clouds,
Slow reddens into flame; the rising mists,
From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away
In curling spires, and open all the woods,
High waving in the sky; the uncolored stream 15
Beneath her glowing ray translucent shines:
Glad Nature feels her through her boundless realm
Of life and æthere, and calls forth all her sweets,
Fragrance and song; from each unfolding flower
Transpires the balm of life that Zephyr wafts, 20

Delicious, on his rosy wing ; each bird,
 Or high in air or secret in the shade,
 Rejoicing, warbles wild his matin hymn ;
 While beasts of chase, by secret instinct moved,
 Scud o'er the lawns, and, plunging into night, 25
 In brake or cavern slumber out the day.

Invited by the cheerful Morn abroad,
 See, from his humble roof the good man comes
 To taste her freshness, and improve her rise
 In holy musings : rapture in his eye, 30
 And kneeling wonder speak his silent soul
 With gratitude o'erflowing, and with praise.

Now Industry is up : the village pours
 Her useful sons abroad to various toil ;
 The laborer here with every instrument 35
 Of future plenty armed ; and there the swain,
 A rural king amid his subject flocks,
 Whose bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.
 The traveller, too, pursues his early road,
 Among the dews of morn. Aurora calls, 40
 And all the living landscape moves around.

But see, the flushed horizon flames intense
 With vivid red, in rich profusion streamed
 O'er Heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds assume
 Their gayest liveries ; these with silvery beams 45
 Fringed lovely, splendid those in liquid gold,
 And speak their sovereign's state. He comes ; behold !
 Fountain of light and color, warmth and life !
 The king of Glory !—round his head divine,
 Diffusive showers of radiance circling flow, 50
 As o'er the Indian wave up rising fair,
 He looks abroad on Nature ; and invests,
 Where'er his universal eye surveys,
 Her ample bosom, earth, air, sea, and sky,
 In one bright robe with heavenly tinctures gay. 55

From this hoar hill, that climbs above the plain,
 Half way up heaven, ambitious, brown with woods
 Of broadest shade, and terraced round with walks
 Winding and wild, that deep embowering rise,
 Maze above maze, through all its sheltered height; — 60
 From thence the aerial concave without cloud,
 Translucent, and in purest azure dressed;
 The boundless scene beneath, hill, dale, and plain;
 The precipice abrupt; the distant deep,
 Whose shores remurmur to the sounding surge; 65
 The nearest forest in wide circuit spread,
 Solemn recess! whose solitary walks
 Fair Truth and Wisdom love; the bordering lawn,
 With flocks and herds enriched; the daisied vale;
 The river's crystal, and the meadow's green — 70
 Grateful diversity! — allure the eye
 Abroad, to rove amid ten thousand charms.

These scenes, where every Virtue, every Muse,
 Delighted range, serene the soul, and lift,
 Borne on Devotion's wing, beyond the pole, 75
 To highest Heaven, her thought, — to Nature's God,
 First source of all things lovely, all things good,
 Eternal, Infinite! before whose throne
 Sits Sovereign Bounty, and through heaven and earth
 Ceaseless diffuses plenitude of bliss. 80
 Him all things own; he speaks, and it is day:
 Obedient to his nod alternate night
 Obscures the world: the seasons at his call,
 Succeed in train, and lead the year around.

While reason thus, and rapture fill the heart, 85
 Friends of mankind, good angels, hovering near,
 Their holy influence, deep infusing, lend;
 And in still whispers, soft as Zephyr's breath,
 When scarce the green leaf trembles, through her powers
 Inspire new vigor, purer light supply, 90

And kindle every virtue into flame.
 Celestial intercourse ! superior bliss,
 Which vice ne'er knew ! health of the enlivened soul,
 And heaven on earth begun !

EXERCISE XIX.

Trust in God.—WORDSWORTH.

How beautiful this dome of sky !
 And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed
 At thy command, how awful ! Shall the soul,
 Human and rational, report of Thee
 Even less than these ? Be mute who will, who can, 5
 Yet I will praise Thee with impassioned voice :
 My lips that may forget Thee in the crowd,
 Cannot forget Thee here, where thou hast built,
 For thy own glory in the wilderness.

Me didst Thou constitute a priest of thine, 10
 In such a temple as we now behold
 Reared for Thy presence ; therefore am I bound
 To worship here — and everywhere — as one
 Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread,
 From childhood up, the ways of poverty 15
 From unreflecting ignorance preserved,
 And from debasement rescued. By Thy grace
 The particle divine remained unquenched ;
 And, mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
 Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers, 20
 From Paradise transplanted. Wintry age
 Impends ; the frost will gather round my heart ;
 And if they wither, I am worse than dead.

Come labor, when the worn-out frame requires
 Perpetual sabbath ; come disease and want, 25
 And sad exclusion through decay of sense ;
 But leave me unabated trust in Thee ;
 And let Thy favor, to the end of life,
 Inspire me with ability to seek
 Repose and hope among eternal things, — 30
 Father of heaven and earth ! and I am rich,
 And will possess my portion in content.

And what are things eternal ? — Powers depart,
 Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
 And passions hold a fluctuating seat : 35
 But by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
 And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
 Duty exists ; — immutably survive,
 For our support, the measures and the forms,
 Which an abstract Intelligence supplies ; 40
 Whose kingdom is where time and space are not :
 Of other converse, which mind, soul, and heart,
 Do, with united urgency, require,
 What more, that may not perish ? Thou, dread Source,
 Prime, self-existing Cause and End of all, 45
 That, in the scale of being, fill their place,
 Above all human region, or below,
 Set and sustained ; — Thou, — who didst wrap the cloud
 Of infancy around us, that Thyself,
 Therein, with our simplicity awhile, 50
 Might'st hold, on earth, communion undisturbed, —
 Who, from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
 Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,
 And touch as gentle as the morning light,
 Restorest us, daily, to the powers of sense, 55
 And reason's steadfast rule, — Thou, Thou alone,
 Art everlasting.

This universe shall pass away, — a frame

- Glorious ! because the shadow of Thy might, —
 A step, or link, for intercourse with Thee. 60
 Ah ! if the time must come, in which my feet
 No more shall stray where meditation leads,
 By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,
 Loved haunts like these, the unimprisoned mind
 May yet have scope to range among her own, 65
 Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.
 If the dear faculty of sight should fail,
 Still it may be allowed me to remember
 What visionary powers of eye and soul,
 In youth, were mine ; when stationed on the top 70
 Of some huge hill, expectant, I beheld
 The sun rise up, from distant climes returned,
 Darkness to chase, and sleep, and bring the day,
 His bounteous gift ! or saw him, towards the deep
 Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds 75
 Attended ! Then my spirit was entranced
 With joy exalted to beatitude ;
 The measure of my soul was filled with bliss,
 And holiest love ; as earth, sea, air, with light,
 With pomp, with glory, with magnificence ! 80

EXERCISE XX.

Happiness sought in Wealth.—POLLOCK.

Gold many hunted, sweat and bled for gold ;
 Waked all the night, and labored all the day.
 And what was this allurements dost thou ask ?
 A dust dug from the bowels of the earth,
 Which, being cast into the fire, came out
 A shining thing that fools admired, and called

A god ; and in devout and humble plight
 Before it kneeled, the greater to the less ;
 And on its altar sacrificed ease, peace,
 Truth, faith, integrity ; good conscience, friends, 10
 Love, charity, benevolence, and all
 The sweet and tender sympathies of life ;
 And, to complete the horrid, murderous rite,
 And signalize their folly, offered up
 Their souls and an eternity of bliss, 15
 To gain them — what ? — an hour of dreaming joy,
 A feverish hour that hasted to be done,
 And ended in the bitterness of woe.

Most, for the luxuries it bought, the pomp,
 The praise, the glitter, fashion, and renown, 20
 This yellow phantom followed and adored.
 But there was one in folly further gone,
 With eye awry, incurable, and wild,
 The laughing-stock of devils and of men,
 And by his guardian angel quite given up, — 25
 The miser, who with dust inanimate
 Held wedded intercourse. Ill-guided wretch !
 Thou mightst have seen him at the midnight hour,
 When good men slept, and in light winged dreams
 Ascended up to God, — in wasteful hall, 30
 With vigilance and fasting worn to skin
 And bone, and wrapped in most debasing rags, —
 Thou mightst have seen him bending o'er his heaps,
 And holding strange communion with his gold ;
 And as his thievish fancy seemed to hear 35
 The night-man's foot approach, starting alarmed,
 And in his old decrepit, withered hand,
 That palsy shook, grasping this yellow earth
 To make it sure. Of all God made upright,
 And in their nostrils breathed a living soul, 40
 Most fallen, most prone, most earthy, most debased ;

Of all that sold Eternity for Time,
 None bargained on so easy terms with Death.
 Illustrious fool ! nay, most inhuman wretch !
 He sat among his bags. and, with a look
 Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor
 Away unalmsed, and midst abundance died,
 Sorest of evils ! died of utter want.

45

EXERCISE XXI.

Anticipations of the Millenium.—COWPER.

The groans of Nature in this nether world,
 Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end.
 Foretold by prophets and by poets sung,
 Whose fire was kindled at the prophet's lamp,
 The time of rest, the promised Sabbath, comes.
 Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
 Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
 Over a sinful world ; and what remains
 Of this tempestuous state of human things,
 Is merely as the working of the sea
 Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest :
 For He whose car the winds are, and the clouds
 The dust that wait upon his sultry march,
 When sin hath moved him, and his wrath is hot,
 Shall visit earth in mercy ; shall descend
 Propitious in his chariot paved with love ;
 And what his storms have blasted and defaced
 For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.

5

10

15

Sweet is the harp of prophecy ; too sweet
 Not to be wronged by a mere mortal touch :
 Nor can the wonders it records be sung

20

To meaner music, and not suffer loss.
 But when a poet, or when one like me,
 Happy to rove among poetic flowers,
 Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last 25
 On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,
 Such is the impulse and the spur he feels
 To give it praise proportioned to its worth,
 That not to attempt it, arduous as he deems
 The labor, were a task more arduous still. 30

O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true !
 Scenes of accomplished bliss ! which who can see,
 Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
 His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy ?
 Rivers of gladness water all the Earth, 35
 And clothe all climes with beauty ; the reproach
 Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
 Laughs with abundance ; and the land, once lean,
 Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
 Exults to see its thistly curse repealed. 40
 The various seasons woven into one,
 And that one season an eternal spring,
 The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
 For there is none to covet, all are full.
 The lion, and the libbard, and the bear, 45
 Graze with the fearless flocks ; all bask at noon
 Together, or all gambol in the shade
 Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
 Antipathies are none. No foe to man
 Lurks in the serpent now ; the mother sees, 50
 And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
 Stretched forth to dally with the crested worm,
 To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
 The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
 All creatures worship man, and all mankind 55
 One Lord, one Father. Error has no place :

That creeping pestilence is driven away;
The breath of Heaven has chased it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love. Disease 60
Is not; the pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age
One song employs all nations; and all cry,
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!"
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks 65
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.
Behold the measure of the promise filled; 70
See Salem built, the labor of a God!
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines;
All kingdoms and all princes of the Earth
Flock to that light; the glory of all lands
Flows into her; unbounded is her joy, 75
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there:
The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there.
Praise is in all her gates; upon her walls, 80
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
Kneels with the native of the farthest West;
And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,
And worships. Her report has travelled forth 85
Into all lands. From every clime they come
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,
O Sion! an assembly such as Earth
Saw never, such as Heaven stoops down to see.

EXERCISE XXII.

Fame.—POLLOK.

Of all the phantoms fleeting in the mist
 Of Time, though meagre all, and ghostly thin,
 Most unsubstantial, unessential shade,
 Was earthly Fame. She was a voice alone,
 And dwelt upon the noisy tongues of men. 5
 She never thought, but gabbled ever on ;
 Applauding most what least deserved applause :
 The motive, the result, was nought to her :
 The deed alone, though dyed in human gore,
 And steeped in widows' tears, if it stood out 10
 To prominent display, she talked of much,
 And roared around it with a thousand tongues.
 As changed the wind her organ, so she changed
 Perpetually ; and whom she praised to-day,
 Vexing his ear with acclamations loud, 15
 To-morrow blamed, and hissed him out of sight.
 Such was her nature, and her practice such.
 But, oh ! her voice was sweet to mortal ears,
 And touched so pleasantly the strings of pride
 And vanity, which in the heart of man 20
 Were ever strung harmonious to her note,
 That many thought, to live without her song
 Was rather death than life. To live unknown,
 Unnoticed, unrenowned ! to die unpraised,
 Unepitaphed ! to go down to the pit, 25
 And moulder into dust among vile worms,
 And leave no whispering of a name on earth !
 Such thought was cold about the heart, and chilled
 The blood. Who could endure it ? who could choose,
 Without a struggle to be swept away 30

From all remembrance, and have part no more
 With living men? Philosophy failed here,
 And self-approving Pride. Hence it became
 The aim of most, and main pursuit, to win
 A name, to leave some vestige as they passed, 35
 That following ages might discern, they once
 Had been on earth, and acted something there. X

Many the roads they took, the plans they tried.
 The man of science to the shade retired,
 And laid his head upon his hand, in mood 40
 Of awful thoughtfulness, and dived, and dived
 Again, deeper and deeper still, to sound
 The cause remote; resolved, before he died,
 To make some grand discovery, by which
 He should be known to all posterity. 45

And in the silent vigils of the night,
 When uninspired men reposed, the bard,
 Ghastly of countenance, and from his eye
 Oft streaming wild unearthly fire, sat up,
 And sent imagination forth, and searched 50
 The far and near, heaven, earth, and gloomy hell,
 For fiction new, for thought, unthought before;
 And when some curious, rare idea peered
 Upon his mind, he dipped his hasty pen,
 And by the glimmering lamp, or moonlight beam, 55
 That through his lattice peeped, wrote fondly down
 What seemed in truth imperishable song.

And sometimes too, the reverend divine,
 In meditation deep of holy things,
 And vanities of Time, heard Fame's sweet voice 60
 Approach his ear, and hung another flower,
 Of earthly sort, about the sacred truth;
 And ventured whiles to mix the bitter text,
 With relish suited to the sinner's taste.

Many the roads they took, the plans they tried, 65

And awful oft the wickedness they wrought.
 To be observed, some scrambled up to thrones,
 And sat in vestures dripping wet with gore.
 The warrior dipped his sword in blood, and wrote
 His name on lands and cities desolate. 70

The rich bought fields, and houses built, and raised
 The monumental piles up to the clouds,
 And called them by their names: and, strange to tell!
 Rather than be unknown, and pass away
 Obscurely to the grave, some, small of soul, 75

That else had perished unobserved, acquired
 Considerable renown by oaths profane;
 By jesting boldly with all sacred things;
 And uttering fearlessly whate'er occurred;—
 Wild, blasphemous, perditionable thoughts, 80
 That Satan in them moved; by wiser men
 Suppressed, and quickly banished from the mind.

Many the roads they took, the plans they tried.
 But all in vain. Who grasped at earthly fame,
 Grasped wind; nay worse, a serpent grasped, that through
 His hands slid smoothly, and was gone; but left 86
 A sting behind which wrought him endless pain:
 For oft her voice was old Abaddon's lure,
 By which he charmed the foolish soul to death.

EXERCISE XXIII.

Influence of the Love of Nature.—WORDSWORTH.

Nor perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay;
 For thou art with me, here upon the banks

Of this fair river ; thou, my dearest friend, 5
My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once, 10
My dear, dear sister ! And this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 't is her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy : for she can so inform 15
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all 20
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ; 25
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee : and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms, 30
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me, 35
And these my exhortations ! Nor perchance,
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget

That on the banks of this delightful stream 40
 We stood together ; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came,
 Unwearied in that service : rather say
 With warmer love, oh ! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget, 45
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake.

EXERCISE XXIV.

The Power of Music.—PIERPONT.

How supreme her sway !
 How lovely is the Power that all obey !
 Dumb matter trembles at her thrilling shock ;
 Her voice is echoed by the desert rock ;
 For her the asp withholds the sting of death, 5
 And bares his fangs but to inhale her breath ;
 The royal lion leaves his desert lair,
 And, crouching, listens when she treads the air ;
 And man, by wilder impulse driven to ill,
 Is tamed and led by this enchantress still. 10
 Who ne'er has felt her hand assuasive steal
 Along his heart, that heart will never feel.
 'T is hers to chain the passions, soothe the soul,
 To snatch the dagger, and to dash the bowl
 From Murder's hand ; to smoothe the couch of Care, 15
 Extract the thorns, and scatter roses there ;
 Of pain's hot brow, to still the bounding throb,
 Despair's long sigh, and Grief's convulsive sob.

How vast her empire ! Turn through earth, through air,
 Your aching eye, you find her subject there ; 20
 Nor is the throne of Heaven above her spell,
 Nor yet beneath it is the host of Hell.

To her, Religion owes her holiest flame :
 Her eye looks heaven-ward, for from heaven she came.
 And when Religion's mild and genial ray 25
 Around the frozen heart begins to play,
 Music's soft breath falls on the quivering light ;
 The fire is kindled and the flame is bright ;
 And that cold mass, by either power assailed,
 Is warmed — made liquid — and to heaven exhaled. 30

EXERCISE XXV.

Cardinal Wolsey.—SHAKESPEARE.

Nay then, farewell.

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness ;
 And from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening, 5
 And no man see me more.
 So farewell to the little good you bear me.
 Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
 This is the state of man : — to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms, 10
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him ;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening, — nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured, 15
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,

These many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me. 20

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !
 I feel my heart new opened : oh ! how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 The sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin, 25
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear 30
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
 And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention 35
 Of me must more be heard — say, I taught thee, —
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it. 40
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me :
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
 By that sin fell the angels : how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
 Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ; 45
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and Truth's ; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell !
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ; 51

And, ——— Pr'ythee, lead me in :
 There, take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 't is the king's ; — my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me to mine enemies.

55

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

60

Wol. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

EXERCISE XXVI.

The Worth of Woman.—SCHILLER.

1. Honored be woman ! she beams on the sight,
 Graceful and fair, like a being of light ;
 Scatters around her, wherever she strays,
 Roses of bliss on our thorn-covered ways,
 Roses of Paradise, sent from above
 To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

2. Man, on Passion's stormy ocean
 Tossed by surges mountain high,
 Courts the hurricane commotion,
 Spurns at Reason's feeble cry.
 Loud the tempest roars around him,
 Louder still it wars within,
 Flashing lights of Hope confound him,
 Stuns him life's incessant din.

3. Woman invites him, with bliss in her smile,
To cease from his toil and be happy awhile,
Whispering wooingly, — come to my bower !
Go not in search of the phantom of Power !
Honor and wealth are illusory : come !
Happiness dwells in the temple of Home.
4. Man, with fury stern and savage,
Persecutes his brother man ;
Reckless if he bless or ravage :
Action — action — still his plan.
Now creating ; now destroying ;
Ceaseless wishes tear his breast.
Ever wishing ; — ne'er enjoying ; —
Still to be — but never blest.
5. Woman, contented in silent repose,
Enjoys in its beauty life's flower as it blows,
And waters and tends it with innocent heart ;
Far richer than man with his treasures of art,
And wiser by far in her circle confined,
Than he with his science and flights of the mind.
6. Coldly to himself sufficing,
Man disdains the gentler arts,
Knoweth not the bliss arising
From the interchange of hearts.
Slowly through his bosom stealing,
Flows the genial current on,
Till, by age's frost congealing,
It is hardened into stone.
7. She, like the harp that instinctively sings,
As the night-breathing zephyr soft sighs o'er the strings,
Responds to each impulse with ready reply,
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathy try ;

And tear-drops and smiles on her countenance play,
Like the sunshine and showers of a morning in May.

8. In the realm of man's dominion,
Terror is the ruling word,
And the standard of opinion
Is the temper of the sword;
Strife exults, and Pity, blushing,
From the scene despairing flies,
Where, to battle madly rushing,
Brother upon brother dies.

9. Woman commands with a milder control,
She rules by enchantment the realm of the soul.
As she glances around in the light of her smile,
The war of the passions is hushed for awhile;
And Discord, content from his fury to cease,
Reposes entranced on the pillow of Peace.

EXERCISE XXVII.

Hope.—CAMPBELL.

Unfading Hope ! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul and dust to dust return !
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour ;
Oh ! then thy kingdom comes, immortal Power !
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye ;
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day, —
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

5

10

Oh! deep enchanting prelude to repose,
 The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
 Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
 It is a dread and awful thing to die!
 Mysterious worlds, untraveled by the sun, 15
 Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,
 From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud! 20
 While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
 And like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
 The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss, 25
 And shrieks and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith! awake, arise, illumine
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
 Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts that roll
 Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul! 30
 Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
 Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
 The strife is o'er, — the pangs of Nature close,
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
 Hark! as the spirit eyes with eagle gaze, 35
 The noon of Heaven unclouded by a blaze,
 On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
 Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
 Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale, 40
 When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
 Watched on the holy towers of Zion's hill!

• • • • •
 Eternal HOPE! when yonder spheres sublime
 Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,

Thy joyous youth began — but not to fade. 45
 When all the sister planets have decayed,
 When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
 And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
 Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
 And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile! 50

EXERCISE XXVIII.

Summer Evening.—THOMPSON.

Confessed from yonder slow extinguished clouds,
 All ether softening, sober Evening takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air;
 A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
 She sends on Earth; then that of deeper dye 5
 Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn; 10
 While the quail clamors for his running mate.
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
 A whitening shower of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
 Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year, 15
 From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.
 His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
 The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail; 20
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mix't anguish means,

- Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
 Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height, 25
 And valley sunk and unfrequented ; where
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
 In various game and revelry, to pass
 The summer night, as village stories tell.
 But far about they wander from the grave 30
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urged
 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
 Of impious violence. The lonely tower
 Is also shunned ; whose mournful chambers hold,
 So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost. 35
 Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
 The glow-worm lights his gem ; and through the dark,
 A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
 The world to Night ; not in her winter robe
 Of massy Stygian woof, but loose arrayed 40
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
 Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,
 Flings half an image on the straining eye ;
 While waving woods, and villages, and streams,
 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retained 45
 The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
 Uncertain if beheld.

EXERCISE XXIX.

The True Philosopher.—POLLOK.

Nor yet in common glory blazing, stood
 The true philosopher, decided friend
 Of truth and man. Determined foe of all
 Deception, calm, collected, patient, wise,

And humble, undeceived by outward shape 5
Of things, by fashion's revelry uncharmed,
By honor unbewitched — he left the chase
Of vanity, and all the quackeries
Of life, to fools and heroes, or whoe'er
Desired them; and with reason, much despised, 10
Traduced, yet heavenly reason, to the shade
Retired — retired, but not to dream, or build
Of ghostly fancies, seen in the deep noon
Of sleep, ill-balanced theories; retired,
But did not leave mankind; in pity, not 15
In wrath, retired; and still, though distant, kept
His eye on men; at proper angle took
His stand to see them better, and, beyond
The clamor which the bells of folly made,
That most had hung about them, to consult 20
With nature, how their madness might be cured,
And how their true substantial comforts might
Be multiplied. Religious man! what God
By prophets, priests, evangelists, revealed
Of sacred truth, he thankfully received, 25
And, by its light directed, went in search
Of more. Before him, darkness fled; and all
The goblin tribe, that hung upon the breasts
Of Night, and haunted still the moral gloom
With shapeless forms, and blue, infernal lights, 30
And indistinct and devilish whisperings,
That the miseducated fancies vexed
Of superstitious men — at his approach
Dispersed, invisible. Where'er he went,
This lesson still he taught, — to fear no ill 35
But sin, no being but Almighty God.
All-comprehending sage! too hard alone
For him was man's salvation; all besides,
Of use or comfort, that distinction made

Between the desperate savage, scarcely raised 40
Above the beast whose flesh he ate, undressed,
And the most polished of the human race,
Was product of his persevering search.
Religion owed him much, as from the false
She suffered much; for still his main design, 45
In all his contemplations, was to trace
The wisdom, providence, and love of God,
And to his fellows, less observant, show
Them forth. From prejudice redeemed, with all
His passions still, above the common world, 50
Sublime in reason and in aim sublime,
He sat, and on the marvellous works of God
Sedately thought; now glancing up his eye,
Intelligent, through all the starry dance,
And penetrating now the deep remote 55
Of central causes in the womb opaque
Of matter hid; now, with inspection nice,
Entering the mystic labyrinths of the mind,
Where thought, of notice ever shy, behind
Thought, disappearing, still retired; and still, 60
Thought meeting thought, and thought awakening thought,
And mingling still with thought in endless maze,—
Bewildered observation; now, with eye
Yet more severely purged, looking far down
Into the heart, where passion wove a web 65
Of thousand, thousand threads, in grain and hue
All different; then upward venturing whiles,
But reverently, and in his hand, the light
Revealed, near the eternal Throne, he gazed,
Philosophizing less than worshipping. 70
Most truly great! his intellectual strength
And knowledge, vast, to men of lesser mind,
Seemed infinite; yet, from his high pursuits,
And reasonings most profound, he still returned

Home, with an humbler and a warmer heart: 75
 And none so lowly bowed before his God,
 As none so well His awful majesty
 And goodness comprehended; or so well
 His own dependency and weakness knew.

How glorious now, with vision purified 80
 At the Essential Truth, entirely free
 From error, he, investigating still, —
 For knowledge is not found, unsought, in heaven, —
 From world to world, at pleasure, roves on wing
 Of golden ray upborne; or, at the feet 85
 Of heaven's most ancient sages, sitting, hears
 New wonders of the wondrous works of God!

EXERCISE XXX.

Morning Hymn to Mont Blanc.—COLERIDGE.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course? — so long he seems to pause
 On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
 The Arvè and Aveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form! 5
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark, — substantial black, —
 An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge! But when I look again, 10
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity!
 O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer 15
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet like some sweet, beguiling melody,
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thoughts,
 Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy, — 20
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing — there,
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
 Thou owest! — not alone these swelling tears, 25
 Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
 Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
 Green vales and icy cliffs all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
 Oh! struggling with the darkness all the night, 30
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
 Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
 Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald! wake, O wake! and utter praise!
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth? 35
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth, 40
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
 For ever shattered and the same for ever?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam? 45
 And who commanded, — and the silence came, —
 "Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest"?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain, —
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice, 50

And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts ! —

Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who with living flowers 55
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ? —

“ God ! ” let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, “ God ! ”
“ God ! ” sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice !

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds ! 60
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, “ God.”

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm ! 65
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
Ye signs and wonders of the elements !

Utter forth “ God,” and fill the hills with praise !

Once more, hoar mount ! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard, 70
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast, —
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain ! thou,
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low

In adoration, upward from thy base 75
Slow-travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,

To rise before me — rise, O ever rise,
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth !
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills, 80
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God !

EXERCISE XXXI.

Battle of Waterloo.—BYRON. .

1. There was a sound of revelry by night;
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell; —
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
2. Did ye not hear it? — No: 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet; —
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar.
3. Within a windowed niche of that high hall,
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain: he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

4. Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?
5. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar,
And near the beat of the alarming drum,
Roused up the soldier, ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispered with white lips, "The foe! they come! they
come!"
6. And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albin's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years;
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!
7. And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving — if aught inanimate e'er grieves —
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,

Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when the fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

8. Last noon beheld them full of lusty life;
 Last eve, in Beauty's circle proudly gay:
 The midnight brought the signal sound of strife;
 The morn, the marshalling in arms, — the day,
 Battle's magnificently-stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover — heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse — friend, foe — in one red burial blent!

EXERCISE XXXII.

Reflections at Midnight.—DR. YOUNG.

The bell strikes One. We take no note of time
 But from its loss. To give it, then, a tongue,
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours: 5
 Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
 It is the signal that demands despatch:
 How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
 Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down — on what? A fathomless abyss! 10
 A dread eternity! how surely mine!
 And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
 How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,

How complicate, how wonderful, is man ! 15
 How passing wonder He who made him such !
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes,
 From different natures marvellously mixed,
 Connection exquisite of distant worlds !
 Distinguished link in being's endless chain ! 20
 Midway from nothing to the Deity !
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt !
 Though sullied and dishonored, still divine !
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust ! 25
 Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !
 A worm ! a god ! — I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost ! at home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
 And wondering at her own. How reason reels ! 30
 Oh ! what a miracle to man is man !
 Triumphantly distressed ! what joy, what dread !
 Alternately transported and alarmed !
 What can preserve my life, or what destroy ?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ; 35
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.
 'Tis past conjecture ; all things rise in proof :
 While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
 What though my soul fantastic measures trod
 O'er fairy fields, or mourned along the gloom 40
 Of pathless woods, or down the craggy steep
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool,
 Or scaled the cliff, or danced on hollow winds,
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain ?
 Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature 45
 Of subtler essence than the trodden clod ;
 Active, ærial, towering, unconfined,
 Unfettered with her gross companion's fall.
 Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal ;

Even silent night proclaims eternal day ! 50
 For human weal Heaven husbands all events :
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why, then, their loss deplore, that are not lost ?
 Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around
 In infidel distress ? Are angels there ? 55
 Slumbers, raked up in dust, ethereal fire ?

They live ! they greatly live a life on earth .
 Unkindled, unconceived, and from an eye
 Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
 On me, more justly numbered with the dead. 60
 This is the desert, this the solitude :
 How populous, how vital is the grave !
 This is Creation's melancholy vault,
 The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom ;
 The land of apparitions, empty shades ! 65
 All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
 Is substance ; the reverse is Folly's creed.
 How solid all, where change shall be no more !

EXERCISE XXXIII.

The Graves of the Patriots.—PERCIVAL.

Here rest the great and good — here they repose
 After their generous toil. A sacred band,
 They take their sleep together, while the year
 Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,
 And gathers them again, as winter frowns.
 There is no vulgar sepulchre : green sods
 Are all their monument, and yet it tells
 A nobler history than pillared piles,
 Or the eternal pyramids. They need

No statue nor inscription to reveal 10
Their greatness. It is round them; and the joy
With which their children tread the hallowed ground
That holds their venerated bones, the peace
That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth
That clothes the land they rescued, — these, though mute, —
As feeling ever is when deepest, — these 16
Are monuments more lasting than the fanes
Reared to the kings and demigods of old.

Touch not the ancient elms, that bend their shade
Over their lowly graves; beneath their boughs 20
There is a solemn darkness, even at noon,
Suited to such as visit at the shrine
Of serious liberty. No factious voice
Called them into the field of generous fame,
But the pure, consecrated love of home. 25
No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes
In all its greatness. It has told itself
To the astonished gaze of awe-struck kings,
At Marathon, at Bannockburn, and here,
Where first our patriots sent the invader back, 30
Broken and cowed. Let these green elms be all
To tell us where they fought, and where they lie.
Their feelings were all nature, and they need
No art to make them known. They live in us,
While we are like them, simple, hardy, bold, 35
Worshipping nothing but our own pure hearts,
And the one universal Lord. They need
No column, pointing to the heaven they sought,
To tell us of their home. The heart itself,
Left to its own free purpose, hastens there, 40
And there alone reposes. Let these elms
Bend their protecting shadow o'er their graves,
And build with their green roof the only fane,
Where we may gather on the hallowed day,

That rose to them in blood, and set in glory. 45
 Here let us meet; and while our motionless lips
 Give not a sound, and all around is mute
 In the deep sabbath of a heart too full
 For words or tears — here let us strew the sod
 With the first flowers of spring, and make to them 50
 An offering of the plenty Nature gives,
 And they have rendered ours — perpetually.

EXERCISE XXXIV.

Satan's Address to Beëlzebub.—MILTON.

If thou beest he; — but oh! how fallen! how changed
 From him who, in the happy realms of light,
 Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
 Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope, 5
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
 Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
 In equal ruin! Into what pit thou seest
 From what height fallen; so much the stronger proved
 He with his thunder; and till then who knew 10
 The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
 Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
 Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
 Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind,
 And high disdain from sense of injured merit, 15
 That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along
 Innumerable force of spirits armed,
 That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed 20

In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
 All is not lost: the unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield, 25
 And what is else not to be overcome;
 That glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
 Who from the terror of this arm so late 30
 Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy, and shame beneath
 This downfall: since by fate the strength of gods
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
 Since through experience of this great event 35
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
 We may with more successful hope resolve
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
 Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy 40
 Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven.

EXERCISE XXXV.

The Coliseum by Moonlight.—BYRON.

W. H. W. W. W. W. W.

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
 Of the snow-shining mountains. ——— Beautiful!
 I linger yet with Nature, for the night
 Hath been to me a more familiar face
 Than that of man; and in her starry shade 5
 Of dim and solitary loveliness,

I learned the language of another world.
 I do remember me, that in my youth,
 When I was wandering,— upon such a night
 I stood within the Coliseum's wall, 10
 Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;
 The trees which grew along the broken arches
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
 Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar
 The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber ; and 15
 More near from out the Cæsar's palace came
 The owl's long cry ; and, interruptedly,
 Of distant sentinels the fitful song
 Began and died upon the gentle wind.
 Some cypresses, beyond the time-worn breach, 20
 Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
 Within a bowshot, — where the Cæsars dwelt,
 And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
 A grove which springs through level battlements,
 And twines its roots with the imperial hearths ; 25
 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ; —
 But the Gladiator's bloody Circus stands,
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !
 While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay. 30
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
 Which softened down the hour austerity
 Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
 As if were anew, the gaps of centuries ; 35
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
 And making that which was not, fill the place
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
 With silent worship of the great of old ! —
 The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule 40
 Our spirits from their urns.

'T was such a night!
 'T is strange that I recall it at this time;
 But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
 Even at the moment when they should array
 Themselves in pensive order.

45

EXERCISE XXXVI.

Immortality.—R. H. DANA, SEN.

Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love?
 And doth Death cancel the great bond that holds
 Commingling spirits? Are thoughts that know no bounds,
 But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
 The Eternal Mind, — the Father of all thought, — 5
 Are they become mere tenants of a tomb? —
 Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate realms
 Of uncreated light have visited, and lived? —
 Lived in the dreadful splendor of that throne,
 Which One, with gentle hand, the veil of flesh 10
 Lifting that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed
 In glory? — throne, before which, even now,
 Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down,
 Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed?
 Souls, that Thee know by a mysterious sense, 15
 Thou awful, unseen Presence! are they quenched?
 Or borne they on, hid from our mortal eyes
 By that bright day which ends not; as the sun
 His robe of light flings round the glittering stars?
 And with our frames do perish all our loves? 20
 Do those that took their root, and put forth buds,
 And their soft leaves unfolded, in the warmth
 Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,

Then fade and fall like fair unconscious flowers ? 24
 Are thoughts and passions, that to the tongue give speech,
 And make it send forth winning harmonies, —
 That to the cheek do give its living glow,
 And vision in the eye the soul intense
 With that for which there is no utterance, —
 Are these the body's accidents ? — no more ? — 30
 To live in it, and, when that dies, go out
 Like the burnt taper's flame ?

Oh ! listen, man !

A voice within us speaks that startling word,
 "Man, thou shalt never die !" Celestial voices 35
 Hymn it unto our souls ; according harps,
 By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still
 The song of our great immortality :
 'Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain, 40
 The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
 Join in the solemn, universal song.
 Oh ! listen, ye, our spirits : drink it in
 From all the air. 'Tis in the gentle moonlight ;
 'Tis floating midst Day's setting glories ; Night, 45
 Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
 Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears :
 Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
 All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
 As one vast mystic instrument, are touched 50
 By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
 Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
 The dying hear it ; and, as sounds of earth
 Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
 To mingle in this heavenly harmony. 55

EXERCISE XXXVII.

Speech of Moloch.—MILTON.

My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
 More unexpert, I boast not; them let those
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
 For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait 5
 The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
 Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
 Accept this dark, opprobrious den of shame,
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns
 By our delay? No! let us rather choose, 10
 Armed with hell-flames and fury, all at once
 O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms
 Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
 Of his almighty engine he shall hear 15
 Infernal thunder; and, for lightning, see
 Black fire and horror, shot with equal rage
 Among his angels; and his throne itself
 Mixed with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
 His own invented torments. — But perhaps 20
 The way seems difficult and steep to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe.
 Let such bethink them, (if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still.)
 That in our proper motion we ascend 25
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
 Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight 30

We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;
 The event is feared; should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction; (if there be in hell
 Fear to be worse destroyed.) What can be worse 35
 Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end,
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 40
 Inexorable, and the torturing hour,
 Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus,
 We should be quite abolished, and expire.
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
 His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged, 45
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential; happier far,
 Than miserable to have eternal being:
 Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 50
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
 Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge. 55

EXERCISE XXXVIII.

To the Ursa Major.—H. WARE, JR.

With what a stately and majestic step
 That glorious Constellation of the North
 Trends its eternal circle! going forth
 Its princely way amongst the stars in slow

And silent brightness. Mighty one ! all hail ! 5
 I joy to see thee, on thy glowing path
 Walk, like some stout and girded giant — stern,
 Unwearied, resolute, whose toiling foot
 Disdains to loiter on its destined way.

The other tribes forsake their midnight track, 10
 And rest their weary orbs beneath the wave ;
 But thou dost never close thy burning eye,
 Nor stay thy steadfast step. But on, still on,
 While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds
 Slumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds. 15
 The near horizon tempts to rest in vain.
 Thou, faithful Sentinel, dost never quit
 Thy long-appointed watch ; but, sleepless still,
 Dost guard the fixed light of the universe,
 And bid the North for ever know its place. 20

Ages have witnessed thy devoted trust,
 Unchanged, unchanging. When the sons of God
 Sent forth that shout of joy, which rang through heaven,
 And echoed from the outer spheres that bound
 The illimitable universe, — thy voice 25
 Joined the high chorus ; from thy radiant orbs
 The glad cry sounded, swelling to His praise,
 Who thus had cast another sparkling gem,
 Little, but beautiful, amid the crowd
 Of splendors that enrich his firmament. 30
 As thou art now, so wast thou then, the same.

Ages have rolled their course, and Time grown gray ;
 The earth has gathered to her womb again,
 And yet again, the myriads, that were born
 Of her, — uncounted, unremembered tribes. 35
 The seas have changed their beds, the solid continents
 Have left their banks, — and man's imperial works,
 The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which had flung
 Their haughty honors in the face of heaven,

As if immortal, — have been swept away, — 40
 Shattered and mouldering, buried and forgot.
 But time has shed no dimness on thy front,
 Nor touched the firmness of thy tread; youth, strength,
 And beauty, still are thine, — as clear, as bright,
 As when the Almighty Former sent thee forth, 45
 Beautiful offspring of his curious skill,
 To watch earth's northern beacon, and proclaim
 The eternal chorus of Eternal Love.

I wonder as I gaze. That stream of light,
 Undimmed, unquenched, — just as I see it now, — 50
 Has issued from those dazzling points, through years
 That go back far into eternity.
 Exhaustless flood! for ever spent, renewed
 For ever! Yea, and those refulgent drops,
 Which now descend upon my lifted eye, 55
 Left their far fountain twice three years ago.
 While those winged particles — whose speed outstrips
 The flight of thought — were on their way, the earth
 Compassed its tedious circuit round and round,
 And, in the extremes of annual change, beheld 60
 Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom.
 So far from earth those mighty orbs revolve!
 So vast the void through which their beams descend!

Yea, glorious lamps of God! He may have quenched
 Your ancient flames, and bid eternal night 65
 Rest on your spheres; and yet no tidings reach
 This distant planet. Messengers still come
 Laden with your far fire, and we may seem
 To see your light still burning; while their blaze
 But hides the black wreck of extinguished realms, 70
 Where anarchy and darkness long have reigned.

Yet what is this, which to the astonished mind
 Seems measureless, and which the baffled thought
 Confounds? A span, a point, in those domains

- Which the keen eye can traverse. Seven stars 75
 Dwell in that brilliant cluster, and the sight
 Embraces all at once ; yet each from each
 Recedes as far as each of them^d from earth ;
 And every star from every other burns
 No less remote. From the profound of heaven, 80
 Untravelled even in thought, keen, piercing rays
 Dart through the void, revealing to the sense
 Systems and worlds unnumbered. Take the glass
 And search the skies. The opening skies pour down
 Upon your gaze thick showers of sparkling fire, — 85
 Stars, crowded, thronged, in regions so remote,
 That their swift beams — the swiftest things that be —
 Have travelled centuries on their flight to earth.
 Earth, Sun, and nearer Constellations ! what
 Are ye, amid this infinite extent 90
 And multitude of God's most infinite works ?
 And these are suns ! — vast, central, living fires,
 Lords of dependent systems, kings of worlds
 That wait as satellites upon their power,
 And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul, 95
 And meditate the wonder ! Countless suns
 Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless worlds ! —
 Worlds, — in whose bosoms living things rejoice,
 And drink the bliss of being from the fount
 Of all-pervading Love. What mind can know, 100
 What tongue can utter, all their multitudes, —
 Thus numberless in numberless abodes,
 Known but to Thee, blest Father ? Thine they are,
 Thy children, and thy care, — and none o'erlooked
 Of Thee ! — No, not the humblest soul that dwells 105
 Upon the humblest globe, which wheels its course
 Amid the giant glories of the sky,
 Like the mean mote that dances in the beam
 Among the thousand mirrored lamps, which fling

Their wasteful splendor from the palace wall. 110
 None, none escape the kindness of thy care :
 All compassed underneath Thy spacious wing,
 Each fed and guided by Thy powerful hand.

Tell me, ye splendid Orbs! — as from your thrones
 Ye mark the rolling provinces that own 115
 Your sway, — what beings fill those bright abodes ?
 How formed, how gifted ; what their powers, their state,
 Their happiness, their wisdom ? Do they bear
 The stamp of human nature ? Or has God
 Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms 120
 And more celestial minds ? Does Innocence
 Still wear her native and untainted bloom ?
 Or has Sin breathed his deadly blight abroad,
 And sowed corruption in those fairy bowers ?
 Has War trod o'er them with his foot of fire ? 125
 And Slavery forged his chains, and Wrath, and Hate,
 And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust,
 Leagued their base bands to tread out Light and Truth,
 And scattered woe where Heaven has planted joy ?
 Or are they yet all Paradise, unfallen 130
 And uncorrupt ; — existence one long joy,
 Without disease upon the frame, or sin
 Upon the heart, or weariness of life, —
 Hope never quenched, and age unknown,
 And death unfear'd ; while fresh and fadeless youth 135
 Glows in the light from God's near throne of Love ?

Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair !
 Speak, speak ! the mysteries of those living worlds
 Unfold ! — No language ! Everlasting light,
 And everlasting silence ! — Yet the eye 140
 May read and understand. The hand of God
 Has written legibly what man may know, —
 THE GLORY OF THE MAKER. There it shines,
 Ineffable, unchangeable ; and man,

Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe, 145
 May know and ask no more. \ In other days,
 When death shall give the encumbered spirit wings,
 Its range shall be extended ; it shall roam,
 Perchance, among those vast mysterious spheres,
 Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each 150
 Familiar with its children, — learn their laws,
 And share their state, and study and adore
 The infinite varieties of bliss
 And beauty, by the hand of Power divine
 Lavished on all its works. Eternity 155
 Shall thus roll on with ever-fresh delight ;
 No pause of pleasure or improvement ; world —
 On world still opening to the instructed mind
 An unexhausted universe, and time
 But adding to its glories ; while the soul, 160
 Advancing ever to the Source of light
 And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns,
 In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss.

EXERCISE XXXIX.

The Garden of Eden.—MILTON.

Eden stretched her line
 From Auran eastward to the royal towers
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
 Or where the sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in Telassar : in this pleasant soil 5
 His far more pleasant garden God ordained :
 Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste ;
 And all amid them stood the tree of life,

High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit 10
 Of vegetable gold ; and next to life,
 Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,
 Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill 15
 Passed underneath engulfed ; for God had thrown
 That mountain as his garden-mould high-raised
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill 20
 Watered the garden ; thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,
 And, now divided into four main streams,
 Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm 25
 And country, whereof here needs no account ;
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
 How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendent shades 30
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
 Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
 In beds and curious knots, but nature's boon
 Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote 35
 The open field, and where the unpierced shade
 Unbrownd the noontide bowers : thus was this place
 A happy rural seat of various views ;
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm ;
 Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind, 40
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste :
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interposed.

Or palmy hillock ; or the flowery lap 45
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose :
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps 50
Luxuriant ; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their choir apply ; airs, vernal airs, 55
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring.

EXERCISE XL.

From Night VI.—DR. YOUNG.

Genius and art, ambition's boasted wings,
Our boast but ill deserve. If these alone
Assist our flight, Fame's flight is Glory's fall.
Heart merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name. 5
A celebrated wretch when I behold,
When I behold a genius bright and base,
Of towering talents and terrestrial aims,
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal, 10
With rubbish mixed, and glittering in the dust :
Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,
At once compassion soft, and envy, rise, —

But wherefore envy? talents, angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments 15
In false Ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

Great ill is an achievement of great powers.
Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Reason the means, affections choose our end. 20
Means have no merit, if our end amiss.
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain.
Hearts are proprietors of all applause.
Right ends and means make wisdom: worldly-wise
Is but half witted at its highest praise. 25

Let genius, then, despair to make thee great;
Nor flatter station. What is station high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity. 30
Monarchs and ministers are awful names!
Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
Religion, public Order, both exact
External homage and a supple knee,
To beings pompously set up to serve 35
The meanest slave: all more is Merit's due,
Her sacred and inviolable right,
Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there. 40
Fools, indeed, drop the man in their account,
And vote the mantle into majesty.
Let the small savage boast his silver fur,
His royal robe, unborrowed and unbought,
His own, descending fairly from his sires. 45
Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
And souls in ermine scorn a soul without?
Can place or lessen us, or aggrandize?

Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps;
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales. 50
 Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
 Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids:
 Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.

Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?
 The cause is lodged in immortality. 55
 Hear and assent. Thy bosom burns for power;
 What station charms thee? I'll install thee there;
 'T is thine. And art thou greater than before?
 Then thou before wast something less than man.
 Has thy new post betrayed thee into pride? 60
 That treacherous pride betrays thy dignity;
 That pride defames humanity, and calls
 The being mean which staffs or strings can raise:
 That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,
 From blindness bold, and towering to the skies. 65
 'T is born of Ignorance, which knows not man:
 An angel's second, nor his second long.
 A Nero, quitting his imperial throne,
 And courting glory from the tinkling string,
 But faintly shadows an immortal soul, 70
 With empire's self, to pride or rapture fired.
 If nobler motives minister no cure,
 Even vanity forbids thee to be vain.

High worth is elevated place: 't is more;
 It makes the post stand candidate for thee; 75
 Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest man;
 Though no exchequer it commands, 't is wealth;
 And, though it wears no ribbon, 't is renown;
 Renown that would not quit thee, though disgraced,
 Nor leave thee pendent on a master's snipe. 80
 Other ambition Nature interdicts;
 Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
 By pointing at his origin and end;

Milk and a swathe, at first, his whole demand ;
 His whole domain, at last, a turf or stone ; 85
 To whom, between, a world may seem too small.

'Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty man ;
 How little they, who think aught great below !
 All our ambitious Death defeats, but one,
 And that it crowns. 90

EXERCISE XLI.

Contemplation of the Starry Heavens.—DR. YOUNG.

Stars teach, as well as shine.
 This prospect vast, — what is it ? — Weighed aright,
 'Tis Nature's system of divinity,
 And every student of the night inspires :
 'Tis elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand. 5

Why from yon arch, — that infinite of space, ,
 With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
 Which set the living firmament on fire, —
 At the first glance, in such an overwhelm
 Of wonderful, on man's astonished sight 10
 Rushes Omnipotence ? To curb our pride,
 Our reason rouse, and lead it to that Power
 Whose love lets down these silver chains of light,
 To draw up man's ambition to Himself,
 And bind our chaste affections to His throne. 15

And see ! Day's amiable sister sends
 Her invitation, in the softest rays
 Of mitigated lustre ; — courts thy sight,
 Which suffers from her tyrant brother's blaze.
 Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies, 20
 Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye :

With gain and joy, she bribes thee to be wise.
 Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe
 Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,
 And deep reception, in the entended heart. 25

 This theatre! — what eye can take it in?
 By what divine enchantment was it raised,
 For minds of the first magnitude to launch
 In endless speculations, and adore?
 One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine, 30
 And light us deep into the Deity;
 How boundless in magnificence and might!
 Oh! what a confluence of ethereal fires,
 From urns unnumbered, down the steep of heaven,
 Streams to a point, and centres in my sight! 35
 Nor tarries there; I feel it in my heart:
 My heart, at once, it humbles and exalts;
 Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies!
 Who sees it unexalted or unawed?
 Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen? 40
 Material offspring of Omnipotence!
 Inanimate, all-animating birth!
 Work worthy Him who made it! — worthy praise! —
 All praise! — praise more than human! nor denied
 Thy praise divine! 45

 But though man, drowned in sleep,
 Withholds his homage, not alone I wake;
 Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard
 By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
 In this His universal temple, hung 50
 With lustres, — with innumerable lights,
 That shed religion on the soul; at once
 The temple and the preacher! Oh! how loud
 It calls Devotion! — genuine growth of Night!

EXERCISE XLII.

Thanatopsis.—BRYANT.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile,
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides 5
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images 10
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around — 15
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice — Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears; 20
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go 25
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould. 30

Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
 Shalt thou retire alone, — nor couldst thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world, — with kings,
 The powerful of the earth, — the wise, the good, 35
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
 All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales
 Stretching in pensive quietness between; —
 The venerable woods, — rivers that move 40
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks
 That make the meadows green; and poured round all,
 Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun, 45
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings 50
 Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
 Save his own dashings, — yet — the dead are there;
 And millions in those solitudes, since first 55
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep, — the dead reign there alone.
 So shalt thou rest; — and what if thou shalt fall
 Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe 60
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come 65

And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
 The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles 70
 And beauty of its innocent age cut off, —
 Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
 By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, that moves 75
 To that mysterious realm where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave, 80
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

EXERCISE XLIII.

Miscellaneous Sentences.

The more we possess, the more we desire. 1
 He was offered three thousand dollars. 2
 Hard by a cottage chimney smokes 3
 From betwixt two aged oaks.
 Sweet and beautiful it is to die for our country. 4
 He acted during the day as President. 5
 And from before the brightness of her face, 6
 White break the clouds away.
 Sweet is the coming on of evening mild. 7
 What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep? 8
 This circumstance makes him doubly in fault. 9

He went almost to Philadelphia.	10
—— The string let fly,	11
Twanged short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.	
He, being a worthy man, was promoted.	12
Man shall not live by bread alone.	13
He remained in London almost a year.	14
Not a cent was contributed.	15
Say, first, of God above, or man below,	16
What can we reason but from what we know?	
All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given.	17
Oh that I had wings like a dove!	18
All are but parts of one stupendous whole.	19
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,	20
The promised father of the future age.	
Lambeth is over against Westminster Abbey.	21
There's nothing bright, above, below,	22
From flowers that bloom, to stars that glow,	
But in its light my soul can see Some feature of the Deity!	
Where thy true treasure? Gold says, "Not in <i>me</i> ;"	
And, "Not in <i>me</i> ," the diamond. Gold is poor.	23
The articles were purchased at the following prices, namely.	24
Love, and love only, is the loan for love.	25
Generally speaking, the examination was satisfactory.	26
All nature is but art unknown to thee.	27
For who but He who arched the skies,	28
Could raise the daisy's purple bud?	
Whether he is rich or poor, makes little difference.	29
This did not prevent John's being acknowledged and solemnly inaugurated Duke of Normandy.	30
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,	31
To teach the young idea how to shoot,	
And pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind.	

I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.	32
And the air grew hot and thick.	33
The seat of a member was disputed, which occasioned	34
a long and sharp debate.	
He woke to hear his sentry's shriek, —	35
To arms! They come! The Greek! The Greek!	
All around me is thick darkness.	36.
All creatures else forget their daily care,	37
And sleep, the common gift of nature, share.	
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man.	38
Let such as hear take heed.	39
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such.	40
And treat this passion more as friend than foe.	41
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.	42.
Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,	43
All save the mournful Philomel and I.	
Every blade of grass, and every flower,	44
And every bud and blossom of the spring,	
Is the memorial that nature rears	
Over a kindred grave.	
He is far from home.	45
He went up over the hill.	46
Well! I will take the subject into consideration.	47
I will contribute, provided the object is worthy.	48
Seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent.	49
Let thy mercy, O Lord! be upon us, according as we	50
hope in thee.	
Turn we a moment fancy's rapid flight.	51
What is reason? Be she thus defined:	52
Reason is upright stature in the soul.	
Fall he that must, and live the rest.	53
From the centre all round to the sea.	54
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.	
Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;	55
Let noise and vanity be gone.	

- To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that sin 56
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot.
 ——— 'T is as the general pulse 57
 Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause.
 O wretched we ! why were we hurried down 58
 This lubric and adulterate age ?
 ——— To bow and sue for grace 59
 With suppliant knee, and deify His power
 Who from the terror of his arm so late
 Doubted his empire ; that were low indeed.
 Up, up, Glentarkin ! rouse thee, ho ! 60
 Come and trip it as you go 61
 On the light fantastic toe.
 • He made no proposition whatever. 62
 To do aught good never will be our task, 63
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,
 As being the contrary to His will
 Whom we resist.
 We took our seats 64
 By many a cottage hearth, where he received
 The welcome of an inmate come from far.
 His spear (to equal which the tallest pine 65
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
 Of some great admiral, were but a wand)
 He walked with to support uneasy steps.
 That shining shield invites the tyrant's spear, 66
 As if to damp our elevated aims.

